HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXXII.—No. 1621.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1888.

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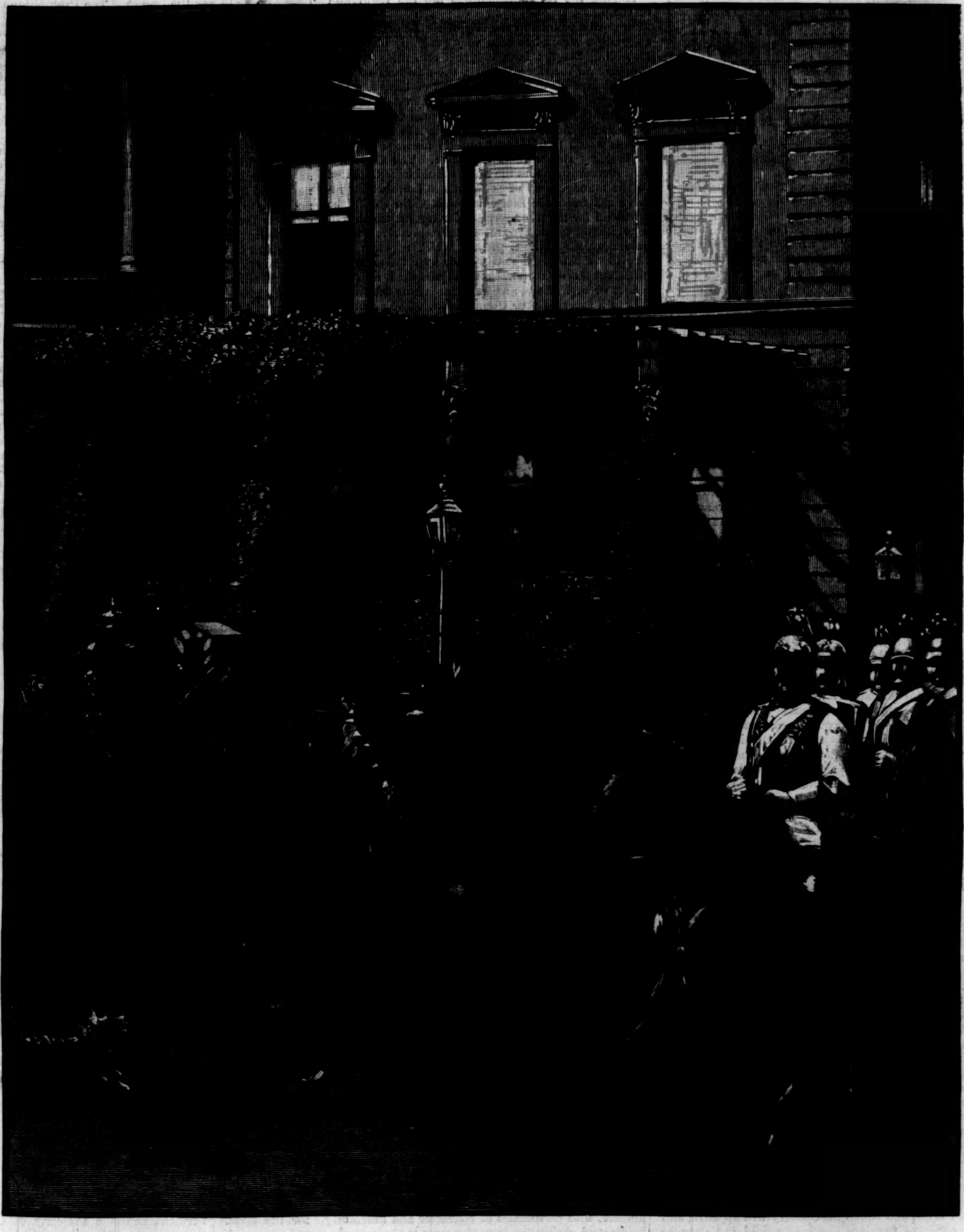

GREETING THE EMPEROR AT THE WINDOW OF THE PALACE IN BERLIN.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 27.]

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1888.

MR. SHERMAN'S SPEECH.

MR. SHERMAN is a man of great experience in public life, and he is one of the ablest and most eminent of the Republican leaders. The defeat of the party in 1884, and the reasons of the defeat, made it a very interesting inquiry whether those leaders, or any of them, would understand the actual change of public feeling indicated by the campaign of '84 and its results, or whether they would look upon it as a mere mischance to be avoided in '88 by "tightening the lines" and "reorganizing"—in other words, by a dull appeal to party spirit and traditions, instead of a readjustment of the party to the times. That, indeed, may not be practicable with any party. The signal illustration of its difficulty, at least, is found in the earnest endeavor of the Conscience Whigs in Massachusetts forty years ago to persuade the Whig party to adopt the antislavery issue. In 1847 they proposed a resolution in the State Convention that Massachusetts would not support any candidate for the Presidency who was not a well-known and active antislavery man. The debate was very hot. Mr. WEBSTER opposed the resolution. It was defeated, and the Conscience Whigs renounced the party and organized the Free-soil party, and in 1853 the Whigs disappeared.

Since 1884 the Republican party seems to have lost the power of recuperation. It has certainly done very little to show that it is the party of progress and reform. Its chief canvass during this year was in Ohio. There it was successful, after a campaign conducted upon hostility to the Southern States. But Mr. FORAKER was re-elected not because of such hostility, but because of the general honesty of his administration contrasted with Democratic ascendency in the State. The argument, however, that Republican national ascendency would necessarily be more honest than Democratic ascendency is annulled by the history of the Whiskey Ring—a scandal of a kind from which the Democratic administration has been wholly free—and by the fact that the candidate under whom the Republican party was defeated, and who has a stronger support in the party than any other leader, is the only leader who is believed by many of his own party to have trafficked in his office, and was for that reason defeated. Nothing has occurred to show that he would not be as acceptable a candidate in '88 as he was in '84; and so far as the enthusiastic preference of the party is concerned, he is still the favorite candidate. The significance of this fact, as indicating the condition of the party, escapes the attention of many Republicans.

Last spring Mr. SHERMAN made a speech at Nashville which seemed to show that the progressive movement of the party, if such an impulse there was, would find in him a representative. This was so evident that apparently he was himself alarmed, as if he had ventured quite beyond the general sympathy of the party. Soon after, at Springfield, in Illinois, he made another speech, in which he withdrew all the lights of hope that he had displayed at Nashville and blew them out. He has now made a third speech, in the Senate, which offers to the country, as Mr. SHERMAN'S view of the true Republican policy, repeal of the internal taxes except the whiskey tax, profuse public expenditure to extinguish a surplus, and maintenance of a high protective tariff; and he has already suggested national regulation of elections in the Southern States. But this spirit of financial recklessness and expense is one of the causes which disturbed national confidence in the Republican party. The policy of taking money from the people merely to divide it again is not one which the country will approve, and the effort to regulate elections would not only be repudiated by the country, but even if it should pass into law, could not possibly accomplish its intended purpose. Mr. SHERMAN'S speech, both in what it says and in what it omits, does not seem to prove that the Republican party is resolved to show that it is as it once was, the party of to-day and of the future.

GOVERNOR HILL'S MESSAGE.

THE Message of Governor HILL to the New York Legislature is a plain business document, consisting mainly of a recapitulation of good laws passed during his administration, of new and renewed recommendations of legislation, of an argument in favor of the abolition of the confirming power of the Senate except in cases indicated by the Constitution, and of a prolonged argument for taking a census of the State. The State debt was reduced during the year by the sum of $1,760,200, and the total debt unprovided for is $3,505,816 03.

Among the recommendations are the regulation of the public-account system of prison labor; spring municipal elections in the city of New York—a good suggestion which has been very generally discussed; amending the tax laws to place real and personal property on the same footing; the abolition of various boards, such as the State Board of Charities and the Regents of the University; and the establishment of a Gas Commission like the Railroad Commission. But the argument for such bodies is like that for the boards which the Governor would abolish: they are supervisory rather than executive. The Governor well recommends that the State should be represented in the management of penal institutions which receive aid from the State, and that there should be provision for the free exercise of religious worship in penal institutions. This recommendation refers to the public worship bill—a project which requires very careful watching. The Governor would also tax the indebtedness of corporations, represented in scrip, bonds, or certificates, and he recommends the formation of a special Labor Commission. The argument for the abolition of the confirming power, except in constitutional cases, is defective because it does not show that officers created by statute may not exercise powers so important as to make the consent of an advisory body desirable. But the Governor's general remarks upon the offence against the public of refusal by the Senate to exercise its power as the Constitution intends are sound and pointed, although, of course, as the refusal was strictly a partisan act, and as the argument is addressed to the same body, it will be practically futile.

In regard to the census, the Governor, after urging strongly the duty and the necessity of providing for the enumeration, and stating that there is no good reason for the delay, proceeds to state what he holds to be the reason, namely, that a census, followed by an honest apportionment, would effect a party change in the Legislature. This, again, will hardly prove to be a persuasive argument with a Republican Legislature. The Governor omits entirely to mention some of the most important public questions, such as the canals, the dangerous and increasing use of money in elections, and administrative reform. If he had refrained from the elaborate argument upon two of his recommendations there would have been room in the Message for some general statement of the condition of the various State interests, which, if they do not find in the Governor's Message, a great many busy citizens may never see at all.

HIGH LICENSE.

A BILL has been published which was carefully prepared by various associations and committees interested in the subject, and which will be introduced at an early day into the Legislature, proposing high license. The bill provides for two kinds of licenses, one for liquor and one for beer and wines, and divides each kind into three grades. The minimum liquor license is $500, and the maximum $2000; the minimum beer license is $100, and the maximum $400. This provision makes the law both universal and flexible, and even secures prohibition whenever a rural community refuses to grant any but the highest rate of license. The proposition is to attack the evil by reducing the number of saloons, and at the same time greatly increasing the revenue. The framers of the bill rely much upon the experience of other States. Illinois in 1884 passed a law levying a uniform license of $500 upon liquor-selling, and of $150 upon beer-selling. The result has been thus far to reduce the number of saloons in the State from 13,000 to less than 9000, and to increase the revenues derived from the law from $700,000 to more than $4,500,000. In July, 1887, Minnesota passed a law fixing licenses at $1000 or more in cities of 10,000 inhabitants or more, and $500 for smaller towns. The result thus far is a diminution of the saloons by one-third, and an increase of the revenue from licenses of more than fifty per cent. Nebraska in 1881 fixed license fees at $1000 in cities and $500 in towns, granting licenses only upon petition of neighboring freeholders, with certificates of character and indemnity bonds, and giving the license-money to the common-school fund. The result is a decrease of more than half the number of saloons in proportion to the population, with proportional decrease of crime, and increase of the license-money fivefold. In Michigan high license has decreased the number of saloons nearly fifty per cent., and in six years has put more than $8,000,000 into the State Treasury. Missouri reports similar results.

These are very imposing figures, and to most minds they would seem to be very conclusive. Why is it, then, that Prohibitionists are opposed to the high license system, and why do they call it iniquitous? The Prohibitionists argue that high license assures the continuance of the liquor traffic by materially relieving the burden of the tax-payers, and they raise the objection which is made to the BLAIR bill, that it teaches the people to rely upon the government to pay the taxes and to support the schools. They hold that if high license is made to support the schools, the people will take care that there shall be a liquor traffic to pay the license. The Prohibitionists argue that the liquor power is consolidated by high license, because it enables the great dealers to control the smaller number of saloons by paying the license, while by scattering the profits among many small saloons the political and moral power of the liquor interest would be dissipated. They hold also that the good results of the high license laws are due to other conditions than the amount of the fee, as, for instance, in Philadelphia, where for every license the law requires two bondsmen for $2000 each, owning property in the ward, who are not bondsmen for any other saloon, nor interested in the liquor business. Of these arguments that of consolidation does not seem to us of much importance, for with the present low license in New York the great dealers often pay the license, and the saloons are practically theirs. The effect of the bond provision in the Philadelphia law, however, undoubtedly explains much of the good result, and it is a plausible plea that if license fees are made seriously to diminish taxation, the tax-payers will not be very anxious to suppress the traffic beyond a good paying point. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that by tolerating the saloon, even in a fixed proportion to the population, every community tolerates the chief sources of crime, and promotes high taxation to support the police and penal system.

The scheme, therefore, which the Prohibitionists would favor is not to increase the license fee, but to grant licenses in proportion to the population, as, for instance, not more than one for every five hundred inhabitants. This would at once reduce the number of saloons without making it the public interest to maintain the traffic. This plan, they allege, is successful in Toronto. It has been recommended by the Governor of Massachusetts, and the President of the Excise Board in New York recommends it here. It is a plan which restricts the number of saloons absolutely, and does not leave the extent of the restriction to the discretion of the liquor interest. On the other hand, however, it is demonstrated in several States that high license does greatly diminish the number of saloons; and to leave the present situation unrelieved until the country is ready to relinquish the advantage to the treasury of a high license is greatly to increase suffering, poverty, and crime. The proposed New York bill, amended, perhaps, by the indemnity clause, is a step forward. To abandon it and attempt something else would be, under the circumstances, to accomplish nothing.

THE VOTERS OF 1888.

A WESTERN Democrat has prepared an interesting and suggestive table of the male population between the ages of twenty and forty-one years, according to the census of 1880, with race and nativity. It is perfectly accurate except as to colored voters, under which head Chinese, Japanese, and civilized Indians are included. But as these three races number less than 175,000 in all, of voting age, the table is sufficiently accurate for its purpose. A very large portion of the Chinese are in California, and as the Chinese and Indians are almost the only "colored" population in California, Nevada, and Oregon, they are all omitted in those three States. The increase of young voters is unquestionably greater for the seven years since the census, by reason of the larger aggregate population and of the increased distance from the war period. The table is prepared by States, and its summary is as follows:

Native white males	5,220,213
Foreign white males	1,545,522
Colored males	918,325
Total	7,684,060
Total voting population	12,302,810
Majority of young voters	3,055,310

The figures shown by the table indicate that seven years ago there was not a State in the Union, except Vermont, where the young men were not a clear majority of the voting population. In the New England States their majority was smallest, naturally, as the young men very generally leave those States early for the West. Vermont shows a majority of 401 voters over forty years of age; New Hampshire follows with a majority of only 1128 young men; Maine had a majority of 5535 young men. In Massachusetts the majority of young men, in a total voting population of 502,648, was 75,974. When the Western States are reached the other extreme appears, though the prolific negroes hold the Southern States well in line. Colorado shows a majority of young men of 52,954 in a total vote of 93,608; Nebraska had a majority of 51,030 young voters in a total of 129,042; Minnesota had 115,979 young voters in a total vote of 213,485; Wisconsin had a majority of 44,152 young voters in a total voting population of 340,482. The significance of these figures lies in the fact that the party appeals based upon the traditions and feelings of the war fall with comparative indifference upon the ears of the majority of voters. The mass of the voters and tax-payers and active citizens of the country look upon the civil war largely as they look upon the Revolution. They are engrossed and interested in the questions of to-day, as their fathers were devoted to the question of slavery, which overshadowed the politics of their time. It was natural that the antislavery party and the party of the war should have seemed to the voters of twenty and thirty years ago the true American and progressive party, and its opponent a reactionary and essentially un-American party. But both parties have changed. The young Republican is now something else than an antislavery Whig; the young Democrat detests slavery as heartily as Sumner detested it.

Neither party, however, is yet controlled by its newer blood and views. But the Democrats in nominating Mr. Cleveland fortunately found a modern Democrat, while the Republicans in nominating Mr. Blaine, and in now appealing once more to the war, and even to the *ante bellum* feeling, show a reactionary rather than a progressive tendency, which can have little influence upon the new voters. The boy who was eighteen in 1860 will be a man of forty-six—past the age of compulsory military duty—when he votes for President this year; the boy who was born in 1860 voted six years ago; the boy who was born two years after the war will vote for President this year; and those who have become voters since 1860 will this year be in a majority of nearly five millions of votes. These are very suggestive facts. There is no reason to doubt that the active voters of to-day are quite as intelligent as their fathers, and their fathers voted upon the questions of 1856, '60, '62, and '64, and not upon those of 1830 and '34.

PROPOSED REORGANIZATION OF THE QUARANTINE.

The proposition to reorganize the Quarantine by abolishing the Quarantine Commission and by placing the Health-officer upon a salary is openly stated to be a project to break up the source of enormous campaign contributions. That is to say, the Quarantine has supplied an immense corruption fund, the Republicans are threatened with the loss of its control, and they propose to deprive the Democrats of it. Whatever the party game may be, it is the interest of the public and of honest politics that this source of corruption should be dried up. But it is an interesting inquiry what will be the secret of Mr. Platt's command of the Republican party in New York when he has lost what the correspondent of the *Tribune* calls "the power to exact enormous campaign contributions" of the Health-officer.

No one familiar with the facts will suppose that the disestablishment of the present Quarantine system would be proposed if the present party control of it were secure. To hold that control the present Commissioners, against the plainest intent of the Constitution and in a manner subversive of constitutional obligations, have been retained by their party friends. Although, therefore, the public interest will be greatly promoted by the disestablishment, it is not proposed for that purpose. It is a mere party move, as all the proceedings upon the subject have been—proceedings which have exposed the country to the ravages of pestilence.

It is this reckless prostitution of party to mere personal intrigue and the corruption of politics which fosters the wide and rapid growth of political independence in this country. The appeals to great traditions and the assertion of lofty principles as a reason for supporting such trickery and extortion as have distinguished the Quarantine establishment are ludicrous. Mr. Speaker Cole said in his speech upon taking his seat at Albany: "The approaching Presidential contest, already casting its shadow of partisanship and prejudice over the politics of the State, should not be allowed to embarrass our labors or swerve the intelligent independence and purpose of our action..... We need wisdom, and at the same time we require courage." The words are wise and worth heeding.

AS YOU PLEASE, MR. O'BRIEN.

For a long time there has been no more instructive and humiliating political spectacle than the disciplining of the Republican County Committee in New York by John J. O'Brien. He has shown himself to be as truly the master of the party in the city as Mr. Platt in the State. O'Brien's Republican Association in the Eighth Assembly District was charged with treachery in defeating regularly nominated candidates. A special committee investigated the subject. O'Brien and his lieutenant contemptuously made no defence. The special committee reported that the charges were proved in every particular, and said:

> "The only remedy, in our judgment, which will reach the root of the evil and insure proper party government in the district is to direct a new enrolment of the loyal Republicans of the district under the direction and supervision of your Executive Committee, and to commit to a new and faithful organization and the officers they shall elect the care and conservation of Republican interests. To tolerate or condone such rank treachery, disloyalty, and rebellion by a district organization cannot but demoralize and dishearten the whole party."

A resolution was accordingly offered that the Association by disloyalty and treachery had ceased to be such as the constitution of the committee contemplated, discontinuing it, and ordering a new enrolment. This was the obvious, proper, and manly course.

Then John J. O'Brien proceeded to administer such vigorous discipline as the committee had never undergone. As a revelation of "politics" it is not new to the initiated, but it will be amazing to many who read it. He said of his lieutenant:

> "Rourke is strong in the district, because no family he knew ever wanted bread, or money to bury its dead. On election day his money was free at the polls. No man here has spent as much money as Rourke. On election day he will put money at the polls without limit. Once he spent $9000 without hope of reward."

He added that Rourke was beyond any disciplining of the organization, and he went on to castigate the committee with merciless scorn:

> "If you desire to discipline us, we shall not object. But if the amateur politicians from Murray Hill attempt to dictate how the proposed enrolment shall be made, let me warn you, we'll not permit it. [Cries of "Hi! Yi!" "Good boy, Johnny!" from the Eighth District.] You have seen fit to publish to the world that the Republican party in this county is divided. How? Because of a petty local squabble. Remember that the next Presidential fight will be decided in this county, and if you lose the Eighth District you will be whipped. We are willing to have another enrolment. We want it under a committee, and we are willing to take the committee that made this report. But we won't have any doctored committee for the purpose of depriving us of our rights at the primary election. If any committee of that kind is sent to us, we will apply the primary election law, and if the intention is followed out to destroy the organization that we have built up all these years, why, it ain't in the power of this committee to do it; they might as well understand to-night that we won't allow them to do it. If you think there is any man who can run that district against my friendship, you can try it. If the disposition shown here prevails, and men are to be driven out because they sometimes exercise their own judgment in supporting local candidates, a great many Republicans will act without the pale of the party. But I don't see that anything is to be gained by continuing this quarrel. I will ask the committee to amend the first resolution by omitting that part of it which reflects on the conduct of the Eighth District; but it don't make much difference whether they do or not."

It is incredible, but it is the truth, that the whole committee received this tremendous thrashing with the utmost meekness, and promptly obeyed the direction of O'Brien. Even excellent Republicans and honorable men advocated the modifications that he ordered, and after eating their own words, and yielding, not exactly like Francis at Pavia, they walked humbly out, leaving O'Brien absolute master of the situation.

The gentlemen who perpetrated this ignominious surrender, and were afraid to stand by their own declaration that O'Brien in conniving at Republican defeat was guilty of disloyalty and treachery, who hold him in place that Republican voters may be made by giving them bread or money to bury their dead, and who, after his frank confession that he sold them out at the polls, had not the nerve to dismiss him from their service, are the chosen representatives of New York Republicanism, and are full of wonder that intelligent men should not see the vast moral superiority of the Republican to the Democratic party.

EXECUTION BY ELECTRICITY.

To the Editor of "Harper's Weekly":

At this season, when every influence and association reminds us of One who died that mercy might live forever in the wills of men, I have been peculiarly interested in the newspaper discussion of the proposition for the substitution of death by electricity for death by hanging in the infliction of capital punishment. It appears that a measure of this kind is to be brought forward in the New York Legislature during the winter, and that there is reasonable hope of its adoption, though I observe that there is a great deal of affectionate regard for the good old gallows-tree among the publicists of the press. In fact there is much to be said in behalf of this venerable growth of centuries, rooted in the remotest past of our Anglo-Saxon race, and hardily surviving the axe and the stake through every change of polity and religion. Yet there is grave question whether it is not an instrument of torture as well as of death, and whether it is not now our duty, after nearly nineteen centuries of the Christ who bade us not kill at all, to kill by the humanest method known to science. The weight of learned testimony seems to be in favor of electricity, and there is apparently no good reason why this mysterious agent which now unites the whole civilized world by nerves of keen intelligence, which illuminates every enterprising city, which already propels trains of cars and promises to heat them, which has added to life in apparently inexhaustible variety, should not also be employed to take it away.

There is a sort of poetical fitness in its use which we ought not to overlook in an age and a country ambitious of amenity as well as humanity. I understand that the death-spark can be applied with a minimum of official intervention, and without even arousing the victim, or say patient, from his sleep on the morning fixed for the execution of the sentence. One journal has drawn an interesting picture of the simple process, and I have fancied the executions throughout the State taking place from the Governor's office, where his private secretary, or the Governor himself, might touch a little annunciation-button, and dismiss a murderer to the presence of his Maker with the lightest pressure of the finger. In cases of unusual interest, the Executive might invite a company of distinguished persons to be present, and might ask some lady of the party to touch the button. Or, as when torpedoes are exploded or mining blasts fired in the completion of a great public work, a little child might be allowed to discharge the exemplary office.

In the event, however, that the Legislature should refuse to touch a single bough of the honored tree which has so long sheltered Anglo-Saxon society, I have a suggestion to make in this matter of executions. I have long thought it cruel to the sheriff and his deputies to force them to this hangmen's work, and monstrous to let some imbruted wretch make legal killing his trade; and I have to propose that the executioner should be drawn from society at large, as jurors are, and that no excuse should avail, except the oath of the person drawn that he is conscientiously opposed to capital punishment. This system, which is perfectly practicable, would give, from time to time, men of every profession and station the opportunity to attest their devotion to the great principle that if it is wrong to take life, a second wrong of the kind dresses the balance and makes it right.

Christmas, 1887. W. D. Howells.

A STRONG APPEAL.

General Armstrong makes a very cogent appeal for the ample support or endowment of the Hampton Institute. In regard to the colored teachers, he says that in the late Slave States five millions of dollars are annually expended for the education of seven millions of colored people, of which they pay two millions themselves. In the country districts, where the colored people mostly live, the teacher is generally the only fit and available leader. His sphere is in the field, shop, church, and home as much as in the school, and during the eighteen years of the school its colored graduates have been engaged in this beneficent work. There are fifteen thousand colored schools in the Southern States, and they need twice as many teachers. Could wise and patriotic givers find a better cause to aid?

For the Indians the Dawes bill has produced a crisis. "Game has disappeared. Civilization is advancing, and destruction or progress is the alternative." There is pressing need of three times the number of workers and amount of resources for this good work. During ten years one hundred and fifty fairly educated Indian youth have returned to Dakota Territory alone, and four-fifths of them have done well as teachers, farmers, government employés, and laborers of many kinds. The material salvation of the Indian lies in his becoming a farmer. Laziness and liquor are his chief enemies. Extermination and education are the alternatives for him. Are we willing that it should be extermination? "For both of these races," says General Armstrong, "Hampton finds, after twenty years of experience, that as a moral force the labor plan can hardly be overrated. Cost what it may, it is paid back again and again into the nation's life and treasury through the hands of the strong, sensible, self-supporting young men and women who could never be what they are without the training which makes their yearly earnings in our various school industries amount to nearly $50,000. We are fairly started upon a path which will lead, I believe, to the solution of the labor problem of this country. Will it pay to insure our continuance?" It is a very strong appeal, and could it be fully and widely heard, we do not doubt the response.

PERSONAL.

Chang Yen Hoon, the Chinese Minister at Washington, stands high in the list of Chinese noblemen. His family is one of the oldest and wealthiest in China. He is fifty-one years of age, and has been in the Emperor's service for a long time. His Chinese home is at Canton, where he has an enormous palace, and an enclosed garden that is famous even in China for its rare plants.

—Joseph Webber, a young telegrapher of New York, has invented an apparatus by which a piano may be played by electricity. It is described as quite simple and inexpensive, considering its accomplishment. It may be attached to any piano, though an upright is best suited to it, having a good place to stow away the batteries. These electric piano-players are recommended as an admirable substitute for the ordinary amateur, for they can play with more force and quite as much expression.

—John Sherman is the richest of the Sherman brothers. He has made his money by fortunate investments in real estate. The General is not poor, but he has not his brother's faculty for money-making. His genius lies entirely in the direction of war, and if the occasion arose he could lead an army through Georgia as successfully to-day as he did a quarter of a century ago.

—The late Wm. H. Neilson, whose death occurred at Far Rockaway recently, was the first President of the New York Stock Exchange as it now exists, and he held the position through three successive terms. He was President of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad at a time when that road was in difficulties, which he succeeded in successfully unravelling. For forty years Mr. Neilson took an active part in New York city affairs, and he was for six years President of the Board of Education. He was devoted to church work, his sympathies being largely in the direction of Sunday-schools.

—The veteran politician Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, is beginning to look his age. His hair is sprinkled with gray, and his sharp eyes are hidden behind a pair of spectacles. He dresses in unbroken black, and holds himself as straight as an Indian. He never speaks unless he has something to say, so that no time is lost, as far as he is concerned, by unnecessary talking.

—Judge Bell, known as the "King of the Apostle Islands," died in poverty at La Pointe, Wisconsin, recently, at the age of eighty-three. He was a conspicuous character in the early history of the Lake Superior region, and was the "king" of La Pointe County, which was as large as many States. For the last forty years he lived on an island on the lake, and up to the time that his health broke down and old age came on he ruled his domain with an iron rod.

—W. J. Florence, the comedian, is the possessor of more than one hundred volumes of rare old plays that were given him by the Duke of Manchester. He was visiting the Duke, and in going about his library expressed his admiration for the fine collection of original editions of old plays. "Help yourself," said his Grace, who, when the actor hesitated to take him at his word, filled his arms full of the books, and told him if that wasn't enough, to take more. Among them is a copy of the first play-house edition of *Hamlet*, which was once the property of Betterton, and is annotated on almost every page by his pencil.

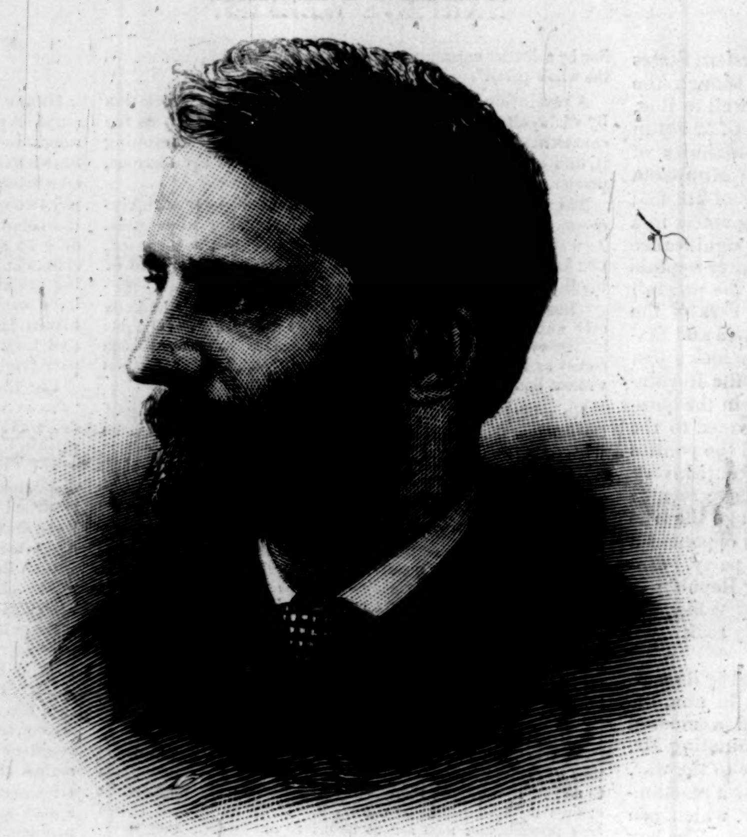
—The study of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage is on the second floor of his Brooklyn home. It has plenty of sunlight, but other than that is not an attractive place. The floor is of bare hard wood, and the walls are dead white. A big table is drawn up by the window, and on this are strewn letters, newspapers, books, paper, pens, and all the usual litter of a man who writes. A stiff-backed cushionless chair stands by the table. Around the walls are rows of book-shelves and files of newspapers. "My workshop," Dr. Talmage calls it, and the workshop of a hard-working man it is. The manager of a large newspaper syndicate says that Dr. Talmage's sermons are the most eagerly sought for, the most read, and command the highest price of those of any preacher in the world.

—Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, the orthopedic specialist, strange to say, is a great sufferer from a knee trouble. He can help every one but himself. No physician was ever more popular among his patients than Dr. Sayre, for few have ever accomplished more miracles in the way of cures than he. Winter and summer Dr. Sayre is to be found hard at work at his office on Fifth Avenue. Even during the dog-days he only takes a few days' vacation, for he thinks that New York is about as pleasant a summer resort as can be found. The anecdotes that are told of Dr. Sayre's frank speech would fill a volume. Although bluff and outspoken, he is the most kind-hearted and genial of men, and his generous treatment of the poor is proverbial. He practises his profession for he love of it, he says, and not for money.

THE SPEAKER OF THE NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.

Fremont Cole, who has just been elected Speaker by the Republican majority of the Assembly, is, since Edmund L. Pitts was elected in 1867, at twenty-seven years of age, the youngest man who has been called to preside over the Lower House of the New York Legislature. He was born during the Fremont campaign, and upon the 18th of September last he celebrated his thirty-first birthday. Speaker Cole comes of old New England stock. The Denisons, his mother's family, were among the earliest English colonists who settled Connecticut, the family at one time living near Stony Creek. To a retired sea-captain who emigrated from Massachusetts to Putnam County, this State, "lopped the bushes" around a considerable tract of land, thus establishing an undisputed title to the territory so marked out, and founded Cole's Mills, do the Coles trace their origin. Daniel, the paternal grandfather of the Speaker, was born in Carmel, Putnam County, in 1779, and moved thence to Seneca County early in the present century, where with other pioneers he founded the town of Covert. Both grandsires of the Speaker were soldiers in the war of 1812.

Mr. Cole is the third son of a family of eight children, all of whom were reared in Covert, upon a farm which has been in the possession of the Cole family for nearly a century, and which is still the home of his mother and his father, Ira D. Cole. The first nineteen years of his life were spent upon this farm. His education was that afforded by the district school during the winter months. At the age of twenty he was a student in the law office of O. P. Hurd, then judge of the neighboring county of Schuyler. He was admitted to the bar in 1880, and is now engaged with his brother in a lucrative practice in the village of Watkins.

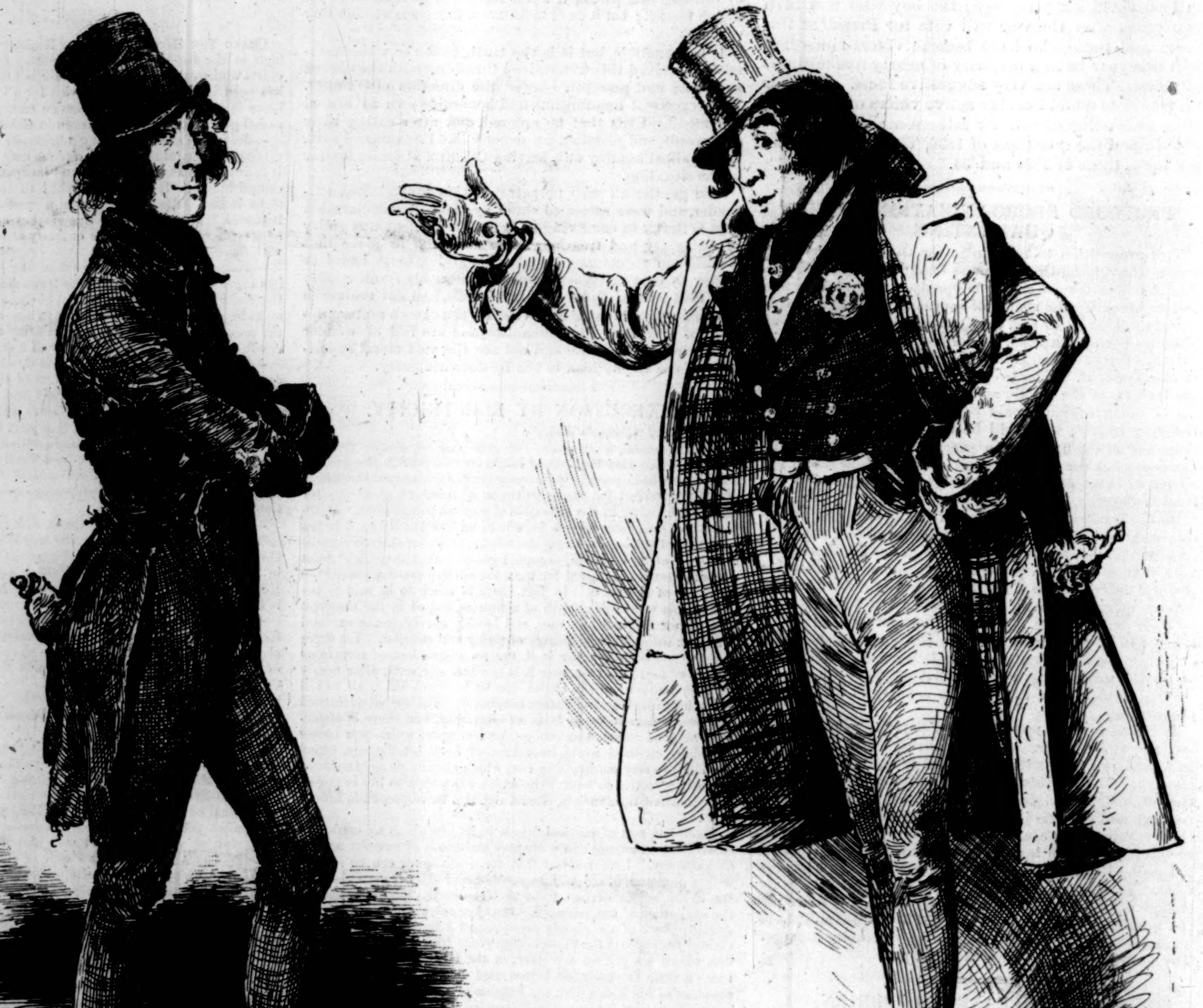


HON. FREMONT COLE, SPEAKER OF THE ASSEMBLY.

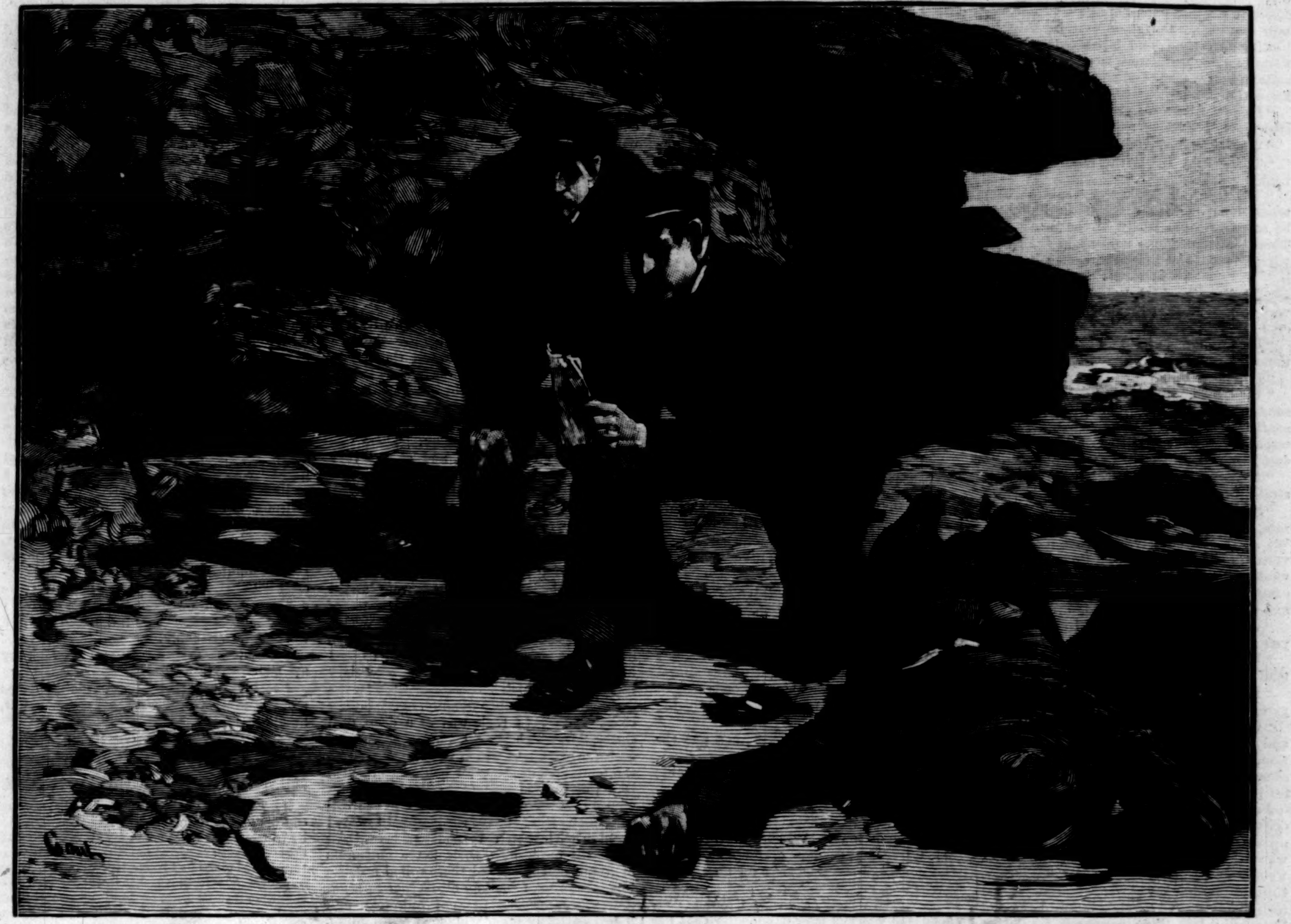
The political life of the Speaker began with his appointment as Clerk of the Surrogate of Schuyler County in 1877. He next attracted the attention of his locality by attacking and smashing the so-called Post-office Ring of Watkins, which had been managing the politics of Schuyler with an iron hand. He was elected to the Assemblies of 1885, '86, '87, and now enters upon his fourth term in the Lower House. For the past two sessions he served as chairman of the Committee on Railroads, and as such earned the outspoken hostility of the lobby. He has also been a member of the Judiciary Committee and of the committees on General Laws and on Banks—bodies which afford valuable experience in the shaping of public affairs. In all of his political movements Mr. Cole has been fortunate in possessing the confidence and support of the younger men of his party.

The rival of Mr. Cole in the Speakership contest was General James W. Husted, who has served seventeen years in the Assembly, and who was ambitious to surpass the record of all predecessors by wielding for the sixth time the gavel of the Speaker. In the caucus which nominated Mr. Cole he received the votes of fifty-one of the seventy-two Republican members of the Assembly, against those of nineteen who supported General Husted. He was presented as distinctively a representative of the young men of the Republican party, and his selection was urged for the encouraging effect it would have more especially upon that class. In formally accepting the office from the Assembly itself Mr. Cole gave expression to a sentiment which was warmly endorsed by his associates. "It should," said he, "be our high aim and purpose, kept ever in view, to preserve this session free from the strictures of merited criticism, and to adjourn it as speedily as our duties, honestly and worthily done, will permit." It will be his effort to make this, if possible, the shortest session of recent years.

The new Speaker is of medium height, slight of figure, with a quick elastic step. He has keen brown eyes and dark brown hair. In debate he makes his points clearly, arranges his arguments logically, and presents the whole with clearness and force.



HENRY IRVING AS JINGLE.—Drawn by Frederick Barnard.—[See Page 26.]



"I BEGAN TO READ THIS, BUT THERE CAME A LUMP IN MY THROAT, AND I HAD TO STOP."

A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER.[*]

CHAPTER II.—(*Continued.*)

ADRIFT IN THE ANTARCTIC OCEAN.

MORNING at last came. The wind was not so violent, but the snow was so thick that we could only see for a little distance around us. The ship was nowhere visible, nor were there any signs of her. The last gun had been fired during the night. All that we could see was the dim outline of a gaunt iceberg—an ominous spectacle. Not knowing what else to do we rowed on as before, keeping in what seemed our best course, though this was mere conjecture, and we knew all the time that we might be going wrong. There was no compass in the boat, nor could we tell the sun's position through the thick snow. We rowed with the wind, thinking that it was blowing toward the north, and would carry us in that direction. We still hoped to come within sound of the ship's gun, and kept straining our ears incessantly to hear the wished-for report. But no such sound ever came again, and we heard nothing except the plash of the waves and the crash of breaking ice. Thus all that day we rowed along, resting at intervals when exhausted, and then resuming our labors, until at length night came; and again to the snow and ice and waves was added the horror of great darkness. We passed that night in deep misery. We had eaten nothing since we left the ship, but though exhausted by long fasting and severe labor, the despair of our hearts took away all desire for food. We were worn out with hard work, yet the cold was too great to allow us to take rest, and we were compelled to row so as to keep ourselves from perishing. But fatigue and drowsiness overcame us, and we often sank into sleep even while at the oars; and then after a brief slumber we would awake with benumbed limbs to wrestle again with the oars. In this way we passed that night.

Another morning came, and we found to our great joy that the snow had ceased. We looked eagerly around to see if there were any signs of the ship. Nothing could be seen of her. Far away on one side rose a peak, which looked like the place where we had landed. Judging from the wind, which we still supposed to be southerly, the peak lay toward the northeast; in which case we had been carried steadily, in spite of all our efforts, toward the south. About a mile on one side of us the ice began, and extended far away; while on the other side, at the distance of some ten miles, there was another line of ice. We seemed to have been carried in a southwesterly direction along a broad strait that ran into the vast ice-fields. This discovery showed how utterly useless our labors had been; for in spite of all, even with the wind in our favor, we had been drawn steadily in an opposite direction. It was evident that there was some current here, stronger than all our strength, which had brought us to this place.

We now determined to land on the ice, and try to cook a portion of our seals. On approaching it we noticed that there was a current which tended to draw us past the ice in what I supposed to be a southwesterly direction. This confirmed my worst fears. But now the labor of landing and building a fire on the ice served to interest us for a time and divert our thoughts. We brushed away the snow, and then broke up a box which was in the boat, and also the stern seats. This we used very sparingly, reserving the rest for another occasion. Then we cut portions from one of the seals, and laid them in thin strips on the flames. The cooking was but slight, for the meat was merely singed; but we were ravenous, and the contact of the fire was enough to give it an attractive flavor. With this food we were greatly refreshed; and as for drink, we had all around us an endless extent of ice and snow. Then taking our precious fragments of cooked meat, we returned to the boat and put off. We could scarcely tell what to do next, and while debating on this point we fell asleep. We slept far into the night, then awoke benumbed with cold; then took to the oars till we were weary; then fell asleep again, to be again awakened by the cold and again to pull at the oars. So the night passed, and another day came.

The snow still held off, but the sky was overcast with dark, leaden-colored clouds, and looked threatening. Ice was all around us as before; and the open water had diminished now from ten miles to five miles of width. The ice on one side was low, but on the opposite side it arose to the height of one hundred feet. We saw here, as we watched the shore, that the current which had already borne us thus far was now stronger than ever, and was carrying us along at a rate which made all efforts of ours against it utterly useless. And now a debate arose between us as to the direction of this current. Agnew suddenly declared his belief that it was running north, while I was firm in the conviction that it ran south.

"There's no use rowing any more," said Agnew. "If it runs south we can't resist it. It's too strong. But I always like to look on the bright side, and so I believe it runs north. In that case there is no use rowing, for it will carry us along fast enough."

Then I proposed that we should go ashore on the ice. To this Agnew objected, but afterward consented, at my earnest request. So we tried to get ashore, but this time found it impossible; for the ice consisted of a vast sheet of floating lumps, which looked like the ruin of bergs that had been broken up in some storm. After this I had nothing to say, nor was there anything left for us but to drift wherever the current might carry us.

So we drifted for some days, Agnew all the time maintaining that we were going north, while I was sure that we were going south. The sky remained as cloudy as ever, the wind varied incessantly, and there was nothing by which we could conjecture the points of the compass. We lived on our seal, and for drink we chewed ice and snow. One thing was certain—the climate was no colder. Agnew laid great stress on this.

"You see," said he, "we must be going north. If we were going south, we should be frozen stiff by this time."

"Yes; but if we were going north," said I, "we ought to find it growing warmer."

"No," said he, "not with all this ice around us. It's the ice that keeps the temperature in this cold state."

Argument could do no good, and so we each remained true to our belief—his leading him to hope, and mine dragging me down to despair. At length we finished the last fragment of the seal that we had cooked, and finding ourselves near some firm ice, we went ashore and cooked all that was left, using the remainder of our wood for fuel, and all that we dared to remove from the boat. Re-embarking with this, we drifted on as before.

Several more days passed. At last one night I was roused by Agnew. He pointed far away to the distant horizon, where I saw a deep red glow as of fire. We were both filled with wonder at the sight, and were utterly unable to account for it. We knew that it could not be caused by the sun or the moon, for it was midnight, and the cause lay on the earth and not in the skies. It was a deep, lurid glow, extending along the horizon, and seemed to be caused by some vast conflagration.

CHAPTER III.

A WORLD OF FIRE AND DESOLATION.

AT the sight of that deep red glow various feelings arose within us: in me there was new dejection; in Agnew there was stronger hope. I could not think but that it was our ship that was on fire, and was burning before our eyes. Agnew thought that it was some burning forest, and that it showed our approach to some habitable and inhabited land. For hour after hour we watched, and all the time the current drew us nearer, and the glow grew brighter and more intense. At last we were too weak to watch any longer, and we fell asleep.

On waking our first thoughts were about the fire, and we looked eagerly around. It was day, but the sky was as gloomy as ever, and the fire was there before our eyes, bright and terrible. We could now see it plainly, and discern the cause also. The fire came from two points, at some distance apart—two peaks rising above the horizon, from which there burst forth flames and smoke with incessant explosions. All was now manifest. It was no burning ship, no blazing forest, no land inhabited by man; those blazing peaks were two volcanoes in a state of active eruption, and at that sight I knew the worst.

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[*] Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1620.

"I know where we are now," I said, despairingly.

"Where?" asked Agnew.

"That," said I, "is the antarctic continent."

"The antarctic fiddlestick," said he, contemptuously. "It is far more likely to be some volcanic island in the South Sea. There's a tremendous volcano in the Sandwich Islands, and these are something like it."

"I believe," said I, "that these are the very volcanoes that Sir James Ross discovered last year."

"Do you happen to know where he found them?" Agnew asked.

"I do not," I answered.

"Well, I do," said he, "and they're thousands of miles away from this. They are south latitude 77°, east longitude 167°; while we, as I guess, are about south latitude 40°, east longitude 60°."

"At any rate," said I, "we're drifting straight toward them."

"So I see," said Agnew, dryly. "At any rate, the current will take us somewhere. We shall find ourselves carried past these volcanic islands or through them, and then west to the Cape of Good Hope. Besides, even here we may find land with animals and vegetation; who knows?"

"What! amid all this ice?" I cried. "Are you mad?"

"Mad?" said he; "I should certainly go mad if I hadn't hope."

"Hope!" I repeated; "I have long since given up hope."

"Oh, well," said he, "enjoy your despair, and don't try to deprive me of my consolation. My hope sustains me, and helps me to cheer you up. It would never do, old fellow, for both of us to knock under."

I said nothing more, nor did Agnew. We drifted on, and all our thoughts were taken up with the two volcanoes, toward which we were every moment drawing nearer. As we approached they grew larger and larger, towering up to a tremendous height. I had seen Vesuvius and Stromboli and Ætna and Cotopaxi; but these appeared far larger than any of them, not excepting the last. They rose, like the Peak of Teneriffe, abruptly from the sea, with no intervening hills to dwarf or diminish their proportions. They were ten or twelve miles apart, and the channel of water in which we were drifting flowed between them.

Here the ice and snow ended. We thus came at last to land; but it was a land that seemed more terrible than even the bleak expanse of ice and snow that lay behind, for nothing could be seen except a vast and drear accumulation of lava blocks of every imaginable shape, without a trace of vegetation—uninhabited, uninhabitable, and unpassable to man. But just where the ice ended and the rocks began there was a long low reef, which projected for more than a quarter of a mile into the water, affording the only possible landing-place within sight. Here we decided to land, so as to rest and consider what was best to be done.

Here we landed, and walked up to where rugged lava blocks prevented any farther progress. But at this spot our attention was suddenly arrested by a sight of horror. It was a human figure lying prostrate, face downward.

At this sight there came over us a terrible sensation. Even Agnew's buoyant soul shrank back, and we stared at each other with quivering lips. It was some time before we could recover ourselves; then we went to the figure, and stooped down to examine it.

The clothes were those of a European and a sailor; the frame was emaciated and dried up, till it looked like a skeleton; the face was blackened and all withered, and the bony hands were clinched tight. It was evidently some sailor who had suffered shipwreck in these frightful solitudes, and had drifted here to starve to death in this appalling wilderness. It was a sight which seemed ominous of our own fate, and Agnew's boasted hope, which had so long upheld him, now sank down into a despair as deep as my own. What room was there now for hope, or how could we expect any other fate than this?

At length I began to search the pockets of the deceased.

"What are you doing?" asked Agnew, in a hoarse voice.

"I'm trying to find out who he is," I said. "Perhaps there may be papers."

As I said this I felt something in the breast pocket of his jacket, and drew it forth. It was a leathern pocket-book, mouldy and rotten like the clothing. On opening it, it fell to pieces. There was nothing in it but a piece of paper, also mouldy and rotten. This I unfolded with great care, and saw writing there, which, though faded, was still legible. It was a letter, and there were still visible the signs of long and frequent perusals, and marks, too, which looked as though made by tears—tears, perhaps, of the writer, perhaps of the reader: who can tell? I have preserved this letter ever since, and I now fasten it here upon this sheet of my manuscript.

The Letter.

"*Bristol April* 20. 1820.

"*my darling tom*

"*i writ you these few lines in hast i don like youar gon a walen an in the south sea dont go darlin tom or mebbe ill never se you agin for ave bad drems of you darlin tom an im afraid so don go my darlin tom but come back an take anoth ship for America baby is as wel as ever but mises is pa an as got a new tooth an i think you otnt go a walen o darlin tom* * * * *sea as the wages was i in New York an better go thar an id like to go ther for good for they gives good wages in America. O come back my Darlin tom an take me to America an the baby an weel all live an love an di together*

"*Your loving wife*

"*Polley Reed.*"

I began to read this, but there came a lump in my throat, and I had to stop. Agnew leaned on my shoulder, and we both read it in silence. He rubbed the back of his hand over his eyes and drew a long breath. Then he walked away for a little distance, and I put the letter carefully away in my own pocket-book. After a little while Agnew came back.

"More," said he, "do you remember any of the burial service?"

I understood his meaning at once.

"Yes," said I, "some of it—a good deal of it, I think."

"That's good," said he. "Let's put the poor fellow underground."

"It would be hard to do that," I said; "we'll have to bury him in the snow."

At this Agnew went off for a little distance and clambered over the rocks. He was not gone long. When he returned he said, "I've found some crumbled pumice-stone; we can scoop a grave for him there."

We then raised the body and carried it to the place which Agnew had found. So emaciated was the poor dead sailor that his remains were no heavier than a small boy. On reaching the spot, we found the crumbled pumice-stone. We placed the body in a crevice among the lava rocks, and then I said what I could remember of the burial service. After this we carried in our hands the crumbled pumice-stone until we had covered the body, and thus gave the poor fellow a Christian burial.

We then returned to the shore.

"More, old fellow," said Agnew, "I feel the better for this; the service has done me good."

"And me too," said I. "It has reminded me of what I had forgotten. This world is only a part of life. We may lose it and yet live on. There is another world; and if we can only keep that in our minds we sha'n't be so ready to sink into despair—that is, I sha'n't. Despair is my weakness; you are more hopeful."

"Yes," said Agnew, solemnly; "but my hope thus far has referred only to the safety of my skin. After this I shall try to think of my soul, and cultivate, not the hope of escape, but the hope full of immortality. Yes, More, after all we shall live, if not in England, then, let us hope, in heaven."

There was a long silence after this—that kind of silence which one may preserve who is at the point of death.

"I wonder how he got here?" said Agnew, at last. "The letter mentions a whaler. No doubt the ship has been driven too far south; it has foundered; he has escaped in a boat, either alone or with others; he has been carried along this channel, and has landed here, afraid to go any farther."

"But his boat, what has become of that?"

"His boat! That must have gone long ago. The letter was written in 1820. At any rate, let's look around."

We did so. After some search we found the fragments of a rotted rope attached to a piece of rock.

"That," said Agnew, "must have been fastened to the boat; and as for the boat herself, she has long ago been swept away from this."

"What shall we do now?" I said, after a long silence.

"There's only one thing," said Agnew. "We must go on."

"Go on?" I asked, in wonder.

"Certainly," said he, confidently. "Will you stay here? No. Will you go back? You can't. We must, therefore, go on. That is our only hope."

"Hope!" I cried. "Do you still talk of hope?"

"Hope!" said Agnew; "of course. Why not? There are no limits to hope, are there? One can hope anything, anywhere. It is better to die while struggling like a man, full of hope and energy, than to perish in inaction and despair. It is better to die in the storm and furious waters than to waste away in this awful place. So come along. Let's drift as before. Let's see where this channel will take us. It will certainly take us somewhere. Such a stream as this must have some outlet."

"This stream," said I, "will take us to death, and death only. The current grows swifter every hour. I've heard some old yarn of a vast opening at each of the poles, or one of them, into which the waters of the ocean pour. They fall into one, and some say they go through and come out at the other."

Agnew laughed.

"That," said he, "is a madman's dream. In the first place, I don't believe that we are approaching the south, but the north. The warmth of the climate here shows that. Yes, we are drawing north. We shall soon emerge into warm waters and bright skies. So come along, and let us lose no more time."

I made no further objection. There was nothing else to be done, and at the very worst we could not be in greater danger while drifting on than in remaining behind. Soon, therefore, we were again in the boat, and the current swept us on as before.

The channel now was about four miles wide. On either side arose the lofty volcanoes vomiting forth flames and smoke with furious explosions; vast stones were hurled up into the air from the craters; streams of molten lava rolled down, and at intervals there fell great showers of ashes. The shores on either side were precipitous and rugged beyond all description, looking like fiery lava streams which had been arrested by the flood, and cooled into gloomy, overhanging cliffs. The lava rock was of a deep, dull slate-color, which at a distance looked black; and the blackness which thus succeeded to the whiteness of the snow behind us seemed like the funeral pall of nature. Through scenes like these we drifted on, and the volcanoes on either side of the channel towered on high with their fiery floods of lava, their incessant explosions, their fierce outbursts of flame, and overhead there rolled a dense black canopy of smoke—altogether forming a terrific approach to that unknown and awful pathway upon which we were going. So we passed this dread portal, and then there lay before us—what? Was it a land of life or a land of death? Who could say?

It was evening when we passed through. Night came on, and the darkness was illuminated by the fiery glow of the volcanic flames. Worn out with fatigue we fell asleep. So the night passed, and the current bore us on until, at length, the morning came. We awoke, and now, for the first time in many days, we saw the face of the sun. The clouds had at last broken, the sky was clear, and behind us the sun was shining. That sight told us all. It showed us where we were going.

I pointed to the sun.

"Look there," said I. "There is the sun in the northern sky—behind us. We have been drifting steadily toward the south."

At this Agnew was silent, and sat looking back for a long time. There we could still see the glow of the volcanic fires, though they were now many miles away; while the sun, but lately risen, was lying on a course closer to the horizon than we had ever seen before.

"We are going south," said I—"to the South Pole. This swift current can have but one ending—there may be an opening at the South Pole, or a whirlpool like the Maelstrom."

Agnew looked around with a smile.

"All those notions," said he, "are dreams or theories or guesses. There is no evidence to prove them. Why trouble yourself about a guess? You and I can guess, and with better reason; for we have now, it seems, come farther south than any human being who has ever lived. Do not imagine that the surface of the earth is different at the poles from what it is anywhere else. If we get to the South Pole we shall see there what we have always seen—the open view of land or water, and the boundary of the horizon. As for this current, it seems to me like the Gulf Stream, and it evidently does an important work in the movement of the ocean waters. It pours on through vast fields of ice on its way to other oceans, where it will probably become united with new currents. Theories about openings at the poles, or whirlpools, must be given up. Since the Maelstrom has been found to be a fiction, no one need believe in any other whirlpool. For my own part, I now believe that this current will bear us on, due south, over the pole, and then still onward, until at last we shall find ourselves in the South Pacific Ocean. So cheer up—don't be downhearted; there's still hope. We have left the ice and snow behind, and already the air is warmer. Cheer up; we may find our luck turn at any moment."

To this I had no reply to make. Agnew's confidence seemed to me to be assumed, and certainly did not alleviate my own deep gloom, nor was the scene around calculated to rouse me in the slightest degree out of my despair. The channel had now lessened to a width of not more than two miles; the shores on either side were precipitous cliffs, broken by occasional declivities, but all of solid rock, so dark as to be almost black, and evidently of volcanic origin. At times there arose rugged eminences, scarred and riven, indescribably dismal and appalling. There was not only an utter absence of life here in these abhorrent regions, but an actual impossibility of life, which was enough to make the stoutest heart quail. The rocks looked like iron. It seemed a land of iron penetrated by this ocean stream which had made for itself a channel, and now bore us onward to a destination which was beyond all conjecture.

Through such scenes we drifted all that day. Night came, and in the skies overhead there arose a brilliant display of the aurora australis, while toward the north the volcanic fires glowed with intense lustre. That night we slept. On awaking we noticed a change in the scene. The shores, though still black and forbidding, were no longer precipitous, but sloped down gradually to the water; the climate was sensibly milder, and far away before us there arose a line of giant mountains, whose summits were covered with ice and snow that gleamed white and purple in the rays of the sun.

Suddenly Agnew gave a cry, and pointed to the opposite shore.

"Look!" he cried—"do you see? They are men!"

I looked, and there I saw plainly some moving figures that were, beyond a doubt, human beings.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MR. IRVING AS ALFRED JINGLE.

Mr. Pickwick and his companions have never enjoyed on the stage anything like their popularity in the pages of Dickens. This is true of all the creations of the great novelist which have been transferred to the foot-lights, though some of them have been more fortunate than their kindred, whose sufferings caused Dickens to spend one evening at the theatre groaning on the floor of his box. The truth is that these characters are often more descriptive than dramatic, and that when they are withdrawn from the countless side-lights of witty comment and whimsical suggestion which play upon them in the text, they are apt to lose much of their vitality. This may explain the disappointment which has attended most of the attempts to dramatize Dickens. As a rule, the audience have entered the theatre with a much more vivid idea of the personages of the play than either adapter or actor could present to them. Every reader of *Pickwick* knows Sam Weller and his master intimately. There is not a look, tone, or gesture peculiar to each of them that is not familiar to all of us. Their creator has described every detail about them with minute fidelity, and their actual portraits have been limned for us by the pencils of Seymour and "Phiz." In such a case the actor enters into a very unequal competition with the author, and he must be a very remarkable comedian indeed who can make Sam Weller as real and animated a figure as that immortal cockney is already in the mind's eye of every play-goer. As a matter of fact there is no such exploit in dramatic annals; for though Sam Weller has often trod the boards, he has made no theatrical reputation.

Better fortune has attended the representatives of one or two other characters in Dickens. There is good dramatic material in *David Copperfield*, and the best of the Dickens plays was fashioned by Andrew Halliday, and called *Little Em'ly*. In this piece the homely pathos of old Peggotty was well portrayed by an admirable actor, the late Sam Emery. There are veteran play-goers who recall the days of William E. Burton as Captain Cuttle and John Brougham as Jack Bunsby in a version of *Dombey and Son*, which is still played by that popular comedian Mr. W. J. Florence, who carries on the Burton traditions, and even the dress which Burton wore as the old salt. It is an interesting fact that in this very piece Mr. Irving, when a young man, was associated with John Brougham, and played the part of Dombey. Subsequently, in the character of Chevenix, in *Uncle Dick's Darling*, Mr. Irving reproduced some of the features of the other impersonation; and Dickens, who was struck by the performance, remarked to Mr. Toole, "Your friend is evidently an admirer of *Dombey and Son*." Micawber has been represented with some success, notably by Mr. G. F. Rowe. But with the exception of Mr. Irving and Mr. Jefferson, no actor of the first rank is now associated with any of Dickens's work. It would puzzle a play-goer who had seen Mr. Irving in tragedy and melodrama alone to guess the particular personage in Dickens that he would be likely to enact. Jonas Chuzzlewit flying from the wood with the echo of murder in his ears, Bill Sykes crushing the life out of his unhappy paramour, Bradley Headstone dogged by Rogue Riderhood in that memorable walk along the river-bank, Sidney Carton laying down his life for the woman he loved—characters like these might suggest themselves naturally enough. In the case of Bill Sykes the surmise would not be far wrong, for in his early days Mr. Irving did impersonate that proverbial incarnation of brutality, and he still retains in his varied repertory a very similar ruffian of melodrama—Dubosc, in *The Lyons Mail*. But it is a very different being who skips upon the stage before we have had time to forget the terror-haunted face of the dying Mathias, and who is depicted in Mr. Barnard's admirable sketches to-day. After *The Bells*, Mr. Irving likes to indulge himself and his audience with forty-five minutes' fun as Alfred Jingle. It is a good many years since he first appeared in this part. When he joined Mr. Batkman at the Lyceum Theatre in 1870, a five-act play adapted from *Pickwick* by Mr. James Albery was one of the earliest productions. This was before Mr. Irving took the town by storm, and the new piece was chiefly designed to exhibit the eccentricities of Sam Weller. But it was Alfred Jingle the public came to see, though fortunately for Mr. Irving and the stage, the manager of the Lyceum soon turned his attention to very different material. Two or three years later Mr. Albery's play reappeared, reduced to two acts, and reconstructed, with Jingle as the prominent figure. In this version Mr. Irving used to show Jingle's remorse for his escapades in a scene in the old Fleet prison. Then the play returned to seclusion again for a much longer period, to appear once more as a one-act farce, from which the prison and remorse have been banished, and in which some of the most diverting characters and episodes of *Pickwick* are thrown together in a sort of wild-goose chase, carried merrily forward by Mr. Jingle's breathless bustle and unflagging spirits.

In the old times, when Mr. Irving was regarded by most people as simply an eccentric comedian, he was wont to play Jeremy Diddler, in the well-known farce of *Raising the Wind*. Jeremy and Jingle have much in common. Their hearts are as light as their purses, and their morals are lighter than either. But Alfred is in every way the greater genius of the two. His fertility of resource, his philosophy, his fund of anecdote, and his concise and graphic speech make him one of the most entertaining vagabonds of fiction. And yet it is probable that readers of Dickens recall much less of Mr. Jingle than of any other prominent character in Mr. Pickwick's adventures. Here is the strolling player to the very life, with the tattered coat tightly buttoned over the spare figure, the rapid delivery, the scraps of quotation, the delicious audacity, the jaunty carriage which gives a festive air even to starvation itself. When Jingle interferes between Mr. Pickwick and the irate cabman, orders brandy and water, puts the sandwiches in his hat, and fascinates the veteran philanthropist with the sagacity of Ponto, the dog who refused to pass a notice threatening trespassing dogs with destruction, and the melancholy fate of the lady who lost her head under the archway, you feel that the actor is possessed by the true spirit of fantasy, which never allows you to reflect on the impossible extravagance of the whole business. You almost see the unfortunate matron on the top of the coach, surrounded by her offspring, peacefully lunching, unconscious of her doom; then the tragedy of the arch, and the headless mother—"children looked round—sandwich in hand—no mouth to put it in—head of family—head off—shocking—very." The lovemaking with Rachel Wardle, the cool barter of her elderly charms for a check, and the last hoax on the deluded Pickwick—introduced, by-the-way, with little regard for the author—are played with irresistible gayety and comic invention. The farce suffers somewhat from compression, but it serves the purpose of a rapid sketch, and it shows Mr. Irving in a vein which is a striking illustration of his versatility. For this is not a tragedian making a deadly effort to be droll; nor is he a sardonic humorist playing a round of grim jests. Mr. Irving passes with ease from tragedy and diabolic satire to the delightful impudence of farcical roguery. It is still a belief with some people that this actor is never anybody but himself. "Whatever he does, he is always Irving," is a remark intended to be a climax of disparagement. If this be true, Mr. Irving is an epitome of a very wide range of dramatic character. The man who represents with so much force and individuality Mathias and Digby Grant, Shylock and Dr. Primrose, Hamlet and Dubosc, Charles I. and Richard III., Louis XI. and Lesurques, Mephistopheles and Alfred Jingle, has little reason to complain of the monotony of his gifts. No actor of our time has embodied so many and such diverse creations with such completeness. Mr. Irving has a number of tragic characters yet to fill. They will carry their moral lesson, like all art of the highest kind; but we hope he will not cease to entertain us with the irresponsible rascality of Alfred Jingle, and the charm of an imaginary existence in which a vagabond who outrages moral principle is neither an awful warning nor a terrible example.

THE EMPEROR AT HIS PALACE WINDOW.

It is not an unusual occurrence for a motley crowd to gather in Berlin at the foot of the Great Frederick's statue, Unter den Linden—students from the university buildings hard by, business men on their way to the Börse, peasant women carrying market baskets on their arms, tourists with their guide-books, and perhaps some gray-haired veteran wearing the Iron Cross on his breast. All eyes are directed toward the corner window on the ground-floor of the palace opposite. A familiar figure appears from behind the curtains—an old man clad in the simple blue uniform of the Prussian general officer. "*Der Kaiser ist da!*" A kindly smile spreads over the features of the aged ruler as he nods his acknowledgment of the greetings from the crowd. It is a genial trait in his character that he should be willing to interrupt his work in order to receive in person these casual calls of "his Berliner"; for his public reception hour is more properly at noon daily, when from this same window of his study he returns the salute of the Guard on their way back from their morning manœuvres. Our illustration represents one of the rarer occasions when he makes a public appearance at the window of the room which adjoins his study, and which overlooks the Opernplatz. Passing by the corner of the palace are the famous "White Cuirassiers" of the Guard, with their burnished breastplates and crested helmets. They are the flower of the army, and one may imagine that their commander-in-chief marks with pride their splendid appearance.

A bare glimpse of the so-called "historic window," to which reference has already been made, is afforded at the right-hand side of the illustration. It is the first from the veranda, on the adjoining side of the palace. It has opened upon many striking scenes in the Emperor's life. During the troublous times of the revolution in March, 1848, the mob, incensed by an unfounded charge against the heir to the throne, halted in front of the palace, shouting, "Death to the Prince of Prussia!" In sharp contrast was the scene enacted in June, 1866, when the Prince had become King and the "seven weeks' war" with Austria was commencing. From the "historic window" the King announced the victory of the Crown Prince at Skalitz to the crowd collected before the palace. "My son has gained a victory," were his words "—news of victory on every side! All is well—my brave army!" Four years later, when the first news of the declaration of war by France had again thrown Berlin into a fever of excitement, the King had to appear repeatedly at his window and address the enthusiastic crowds. It was not until a late hour in the evening that they finally dispersed, singing as they went the inspiring tune of "*Heil dir im Siegerkranz!*" The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Emperor's accession to the throne of Prussia was the occasion of another characteristic demonstration. The celebration took place on the 3d of January, 1886, having been postponed a day in deference to the memory of the Emperor's brother, who had died in 1861 on the 2d of this month. Not satisfied with seeing the Emperor as he drove to and from the services in the Schlosscapelle, the people stood densely packed before the palace, waiting patiently for him to appear at the "historic window." First some officer drew aside the curtains, and the disappointment of the crowd amounted almost to resentment, because this window framed the form of one other than their beloved Kaiser. It was whispered about that the Emperor had required assistance to alight from his carriage. He was probably unwell. Becoming convinced of this sad possibility, they began to take their leave, when suddenly he was seen in his accustomed place. He bowed again and again in response to the enthusiastic shouts of congratulation. Another memory had been added to those already clustering about the "historic window."

CHINESE GARDENING NEAR NEW YORK.

The effect of much care and diligence exercised as in cultivating the soil of the Middle Kingdom is beginning to be shown definitely on Long Island. A score or more of the 1094 species classified among the botanical subjects of the *Pun Tsau*, or Chinese Herbal, in forty volumes, thrive fairly, and in some cases with luxuriance, in this locality.

At Woodhaven, and along the street railway line from Astoria to Ravenswood and Steinway, the gardens of this peculiar character have been multiplied and developed in a very interesting manner within the last three years. A series of these in the latter locality forms a novel feature among the more expansive sections cultivated by German industry. In the larger of the *far yuen* as many as four Chinamen are kept busy as possible during the summer. The few thousand representatives here of a race largely sustained on vegetable productions are supplied in gratifying measure from this source with their native varieties in a fresh state.

The use of vegetable food is probably less among the Chinese in New York than in their own country, with a popular diet determined from a scarcity of animal life connected with a great profusion of plants, and where various kinds of these, including many species of the group Cruciferæ, are eaten, whether cultivated or wild. Some of the varieties beginning to be cultivated grow much larger in Long Island soil than any of corresponding American species. The spinach, or *boe choy*, best represents this fuller growth. Its stem is of about the ordinary size of the celery stalk, being clear white and of wax-like appearance. A prime natural advantage hitherto unfamiliar to Astoria gardeners from China serves most in cultivating this vegetable; as attested from universal horticultural experience, it is best developed and most tender and succulent when grown in rich soil. In Long Island these *far kung* may also omit many of their peculiar national methods for invigorating the soil, such as the use of hair purchased from barbers, applied with various other minor forms of refuse matter.

The mustard green, *quon quai*, is one of the principal varieties of vegetables raised. This is also in much demand in another form, included with importations of Chinese groceries and delicacies, being pickled and packed in three-ounce bunches in stone jars. The parcels, bound in a mummy-like arrangement, are used liberally in seasoning soups and stews of varied composition. It is here stated that in China a stalk of this plant may weigh twenty-five pounds, about five pounds being the average. The *own choy* is a kind of green, growing like a lily in the water. Its stalk is hollow, like the bamboo, with a somewhat triangular leaf. Another variety, with green top and white stalk, is called *bie choy*, the white green. A green termed lamb's quarter, as translated, is *yen choy* in the Chinese vocabulary. The *tong choy* is without any corresponding American variety; this grows about a foot high, with stalk most resembling the sweet-potato vine, although heavier and bearing a round leaf. Another green, named *long na boe*, signifying snow-flake green, figures in this transplanted series. The sugar pea, purchased in the Mott Street market as *ho lan doe*, is of tempting appearance. Its pods are of a fine green color, and being edible, as with the allied American variety, and when cooked with the shell, forming an exceedingly sweet dish. The Chinese turnip, which is very white and of sweet and tender quality, is of a long form, but smaller here than in China, where it may weigh fifteen pounds; this has also a luxuriant development in California.

The *fon qua*, or pumpkin, is shaped like an Indian club, its relative proportions distinguishing it from the most familiar form of its Yankee congener. The gourd, *foo low goe*, maintains a general constancy to the characteristics of its species. The *doe goe*, or string-bean, which attains three or four feet in length under native conditions, here grows two feet in favorably developed specimens. Its vines are trained on supports in the manner most frequent in American gardening. The pepper, with small cone-shaped pod, is grown as a medicinal plant rather than for use with food. The *boe qua*, or white cucumber, is a peculiar variety of its species, growing in crescent-shape. One of the two kinds of citrons cultivated is of furry exterior like a caterpillar: this is the *don qua*, used chiefly for soup; the other is *zit qua*, adapted for making sweetmeats. These vegetables are of comparatively small size in Astoria gardens, with an average weight of about two pounds. The largest of their kind grown in China weigh from fifty to seventy-five pounds, and the variety is of similar development in Cuba. The cabbage sprout of this transported Asiatic series is much appreciated; the affiliated Kopfkohl Grüner, of German flavor and aroma, has no stronger hold upon its friends. A plant like mustard, with yellow flower, is designated as cabbage by Chinamen of the *far yuen*; from being old "he have flower," and no cabbages are there seen with solid, compact heads. Other varieties raised with success include the lettuce, *shang choy*; celery, *hon kon*; and *yuen si*, which is parsley of a very high flavor.

The *foo qua* is frequently confused with the egg-plant, and also with the *wong qua*, or cucumber. Of the article itself, the *foo qua* pure and simple, no Chinaman is ignorant. This in reality is the balsam-pear, one of the *Momordica* species represented on the alphabetical lists of florists with marigolds and morning-glories, although not there recommended for frying with chicken. The species, including this—*Mormordica charantia*, or balsam-pear—with the balsam-apple from the East Indies, forms very curious trailing plants with ornamental foliage and remarkable fruit. The ground on which the former grows on Long Island is covered with its thickly matted vine. In the advanced autumn this still bears numerous small yellow flowers. Its fruit is sold, like other vegetables in the Chinese market, by weight. The price varies from thirty to seventy-five cents a pound, according to the season. It is a comparatively abundant vegetable here, as in China, where it ranks in this respect with the squash, the egg-plant, and tomato. In size and general form it is most like the cucumber, with which it is erroneously identified. Its outer covering is broken up into thick, rounded, and oblong divisions of various sizes, raised like blisters. It is cooked by different and generally unrevealed processes. When fried as an accompaniment of chicken it is esteemed as an epicurean dish. At the consul's table it is eaten with silver spoons instead of chopsticks. The *foo qua* is also mingled as a chopped preparation with pork. Another and more extraordinary gastronomic preference directs its combination with codfish. It is carefully sliced and dried at the Long Island *far yuen* for medicinal use.

The *sing qua*, resembling in outline the long-necked gourd, represents one of the ornamental varieties with curious fruit, hitherto generally viewed as belonging to the cucumber species. With what is believed more scientific accuracy, and as was the arrangement of Linnæus, this is more recently transferred from the *Cucumis*, and included in the genus *Luffa*, of which ten species are known. The variety cultivated in the Chinese gardens is the *Luffa acutangula*, marked by ten sharp exterior ridges from end to end. Its luxuriant vine is trained over poles or trellises in long rows, the masses of foliage being dotted by yellow flowers. Its fruit is gathered in abundance, filling deep baskets for the market. Single specimens of this are exhibited hung by strings outside the doors of Chinese groceries. It is a sweet vegetable, largely used for soup. Inside, it is spongy, and this inner portion can be used as a sponge when the production is old. From this singular characteristic the one variety indigenous to this continent receives the common name of sponge-cucumber. The additional names of dish-cloth-gourd, towel-gourd, bonnet-gourd, and Egyptian-bath-sponge all signify the same. The curious pieces of net-work formed in the interior substance of the fruit when ripe are sometimes eighteen inches in length and three inches in diameter; in some of the city shops these have been offered as novelties. Although the fruit is only ripened in tropical latitudes, it has recently been found to nearly reach maturity from seeds planted in the open ground in the vicinity of New York. The fruit of this variety is eaten, when very young, uncooked, like cucumbers; it is also prepared by cooking like squash. That of Chinese introduction is similar in all characteristics as well as in fruitfulness and in being a rampant climber. Its production from the Long Island culture amounts to some hundreds of pounds for the present season.

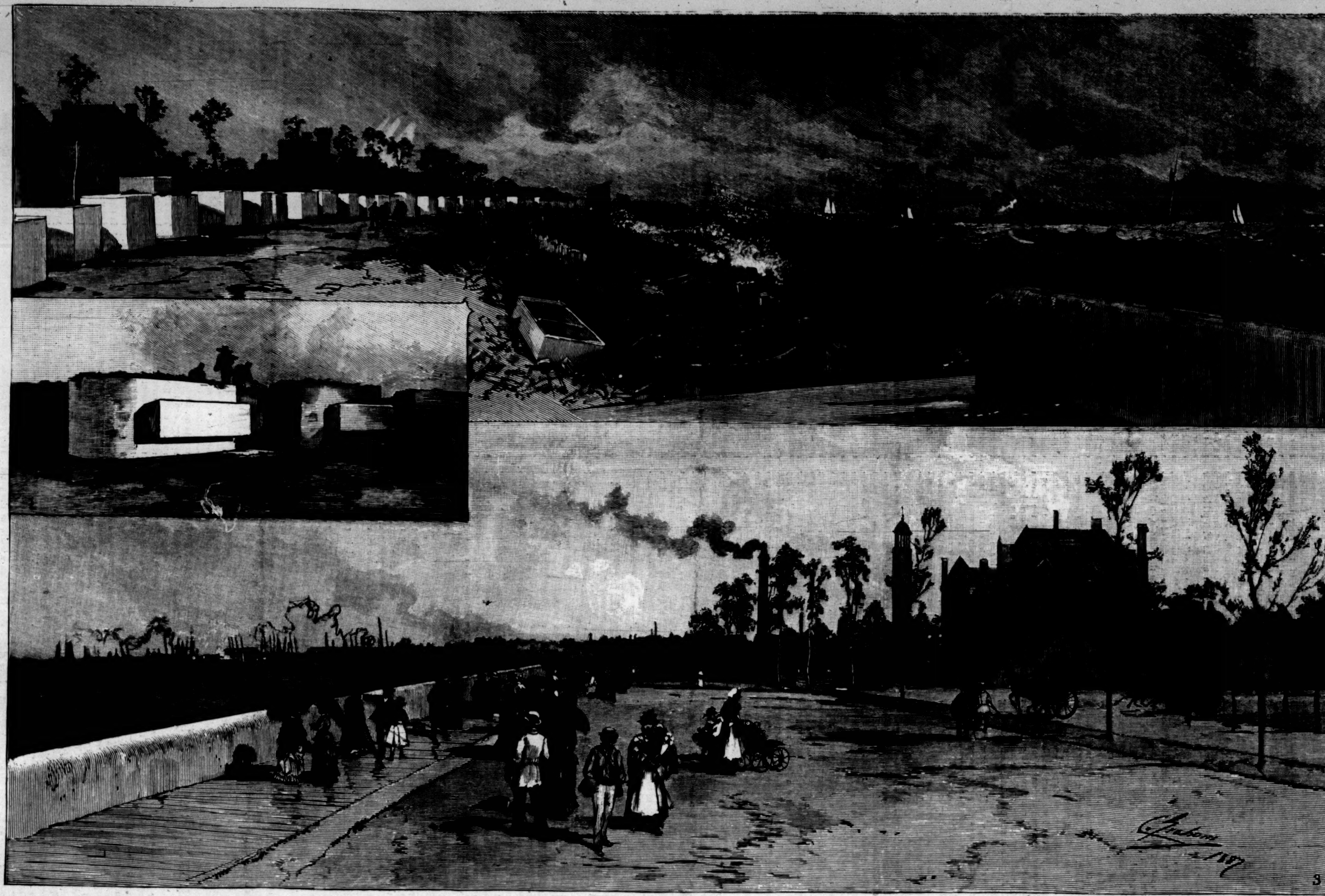
One of the most child-like of all the Chinese excels in methods of preparing seeds for another year; in this selection and preservation his skill is exquisite, and himself a rare image of human character. In autumn his spirit-like smile preserves its fresh pure morning quality, its irradiation expanded beneath a large straw hat already in the sere and yellow leaf. A wide straw apron covers loose blue drilling trousers and pajama, and completes the costume. In this array the slightly built figure, with little bare feet, flits from plant to plant with aerial butterfly movement. If addressed by one of the Melican race the knees of this engaging child of nature smite together, and his stem-like legs shrink and waver with the sensitiveness of the mimosa plant. His power of decided intellect is elsewhere shown, and fully in a seed-drying system. His joy is in his precious *far jong*, the germs of a future growth, perfected in admirable order in the sunlight around his cabin door. The simple gardening equipment gathered at this point, where beside the doorway hangs a panel inscribed with large Mongolian characters in gold, includes a numerous series of capacious jars with Chinese inscriptions on red paper pasted on their sides. In addition to deep baskets for marketing, are others of more peculiar form, very wide and shallow, like circular shells, adapted for drying seeds. The varied forms of *far jong* spread therein include little brown beans hardly larger than plump grains of barley, and at different stages of the drying course the seeds of the balsam-pear, the *foo qua*, with their curious markings as of engraved designs on each side. The sliced fruit also drying in freshly cut and embrowned masses is "allee same" with the seeds of its variety, according to the gentle presiding genius. From semi-phantasmal semblance he is transformed to more human quality in contemplation of seeds, and "next year" forms almost his only acquisition of clear-cut, solid English.

THE PHILADELPHIA MASQUERADE.

It would never do to call the festivities Philadelphia indulged in on New-Year's last a carnival. Those noisy ceremonies with which 1887 closed and 1888 began had nothing to do with Lent, or the old Latin *carni vale*. A very sound argument to account for the joyous explosion at Philadelphia is to make the deliberate statement that human nature wants some kind of safety-valve, and will have it. So, long before Telesphorus bade the early Christians enjoy themselves at a certain prescribed time, the older Romans had their fun during the festival of the Saturnalia. Perhaps Saturnalia conveys with it an uglier meaning than it really deserves, for all the vices are not to be relegated to pagan times. Old Germany and old England always had their merrymaking when the new year set in, and to celebrate it now is merely a transmitted custom. Philadelphia, called—why, it is not known—"The Staid," does not arrogate to itself the distinction of having organized an American Reign of Misrule. What Philadelphia has done very wisely is to regulate the manner and method of the mummery. The Renaissance of the New-Year's festivities, local historical authorities state, is due in Philadelphia to the inhabitants of that suburb of Penn's city known as the Neck. In the times which are past, when rail, reed-birds, and wild-duck were plentiful in the Neck, all the lads there had their guns. When New-Year's came, that peninsular portion of the country lying 'twixt the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, and contiguous to Philadelphia, awakened the citizens with their noisy salutes. No man nor boy, a dweller in the Neck, who owned a fowling-piece, failed to fire it as the clock struck twelve at night on the last day of the year, and the fusillade was kept up. When the city waxed great, and a foreign element tried to recall its home festivities, it may have joined to artistic predilections the noisiness of the Neckers; anyway, there seems to have been unison of forces. The Germans put on their costumes, and the Philadelphia b'hoys, those to whom Keyser and Balty Sowers were heroic characters, readily followed in their wake, burning powder like Arabs on a *razzia*.

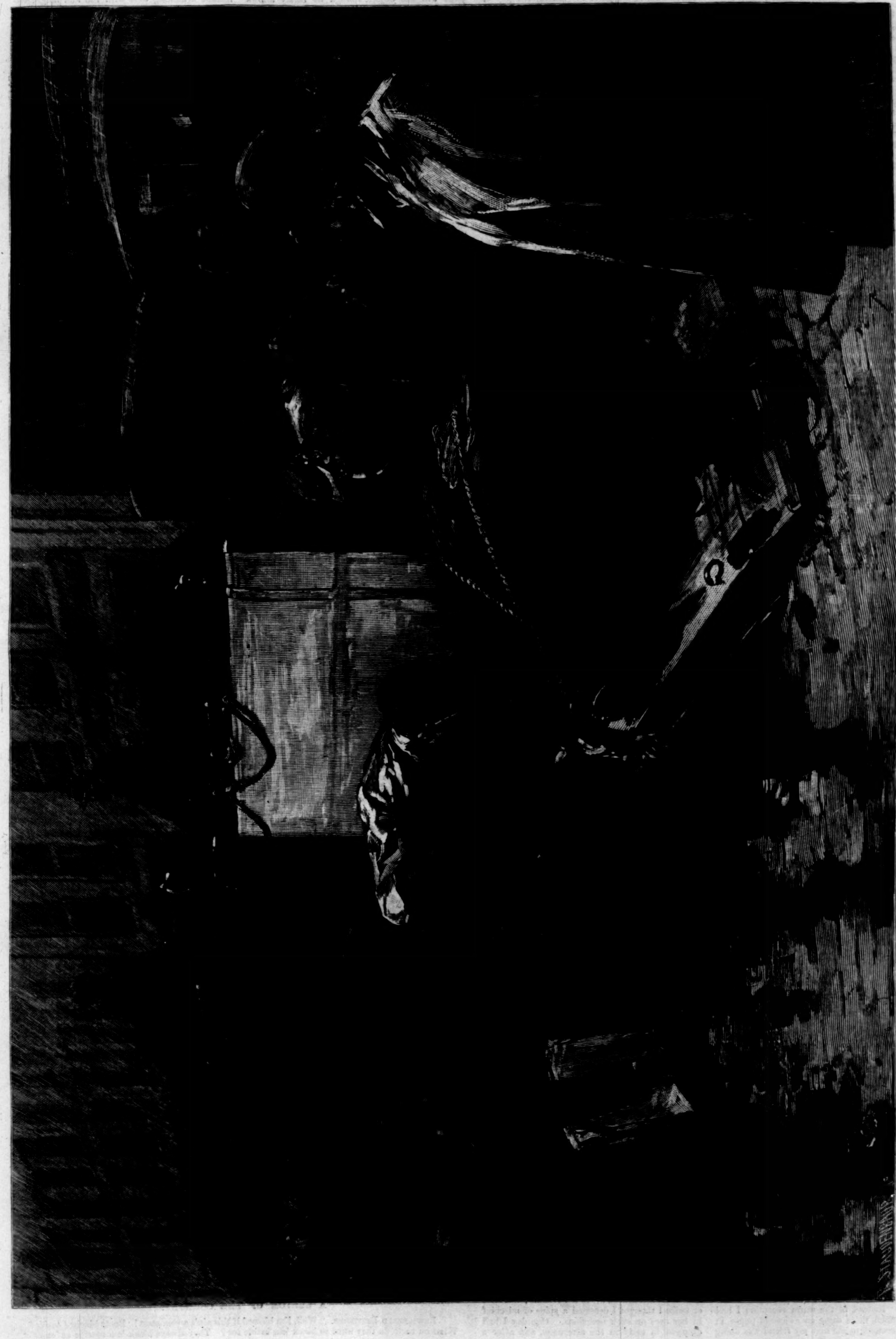
This year, under careful management—for such business requires great judgment—the Mayor of Philadelphia gave his official sanction to this fantastical parade. Clubs were required to have their captain's name registered, and they were to hold themselves responsible for members. Clubs were to display their banners. No fire-arms were to be carried, and no personification of a policeman was to be tolerated.

On the whole, the Philadelphia Grotesques behaved in a fairly decent manner. There were cow-boys, dudes, Mikados, clowns in profusion, Robinson Crusoes, Indians, Cavaliers, Uncle Sams, nigger minstrels, Continentals, Pierrots, devils, and many known and more unknown personages. The kazoo seemed to be the instrument of predilection, and at times the din was horrible. A red-headed girl on a white horse, a colored man with a donkey that brayed, attracted marked attention. The illustration shows the procession in Chestnut Street, near the Post-office, when the fun was at its climax. An American crowd is essentially a good-natured one, and knows how to take care of itself; otherwise, as streets are narrow in Philadelphia, the chances of accident would have been imminent. Though bent on amusing themselves and the spectators, the many clubs managed the matter not only cleverly, but decorously, and what might not be so readily carried out in another city was brought comfortably to an end in Philadelphia.



THE NEW LAKE WALL AND ESPLANADE AT CHICAGO.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 31.]

1. Blocks of Artificial Stone used in construction. 2. The old Pile-Work—looking North. 3. The completed Drive and Promenade—looking South.



PLACING A SICK HORSE ON AN AMBULANCE IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. P. Bodfish.—[See Page 34.]

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

The eager words come pouring out;
His eyes glow as he presses near.
She listens with her head downcast,
But well he knows she likes to hear.

A lover? No; a boy of ten,
Who tells his mother o'er and o'er
The story of Ulysses, which
He thinks she never heard before.

A. W. R.

AN OLD FRIEND OF PAPA'S.

It was a cold night. I drew my chair closer to the blazing fire, and rested my feet on the fender, and gazed with satisfaction at the miniature reflection of my comfortable room in the polished knobs of the andirons. Comfortable! Yes, that expressed it well. It might have been called elegant had there been a woman's hand to add the graceful finish which a bachelor's apartment always lacks, no matter how handsome or costly its furniture may be. However, I felt well contented with my quarters, and in spite of forty years, a few gray hairs, and a rapidly increasing tendency to baldness, I knew that a handsome face and good income were things that no rational woman would despise; so I had put off the evil day of slavery from one year to another, and enjoyed my liberty, my club, and it may be also my solitude, too much to be in haste to take upon my shoulders the responsibilities of married life.

But on this memorable evening there had come a letter from my father. The dear old man said he was failing (a mere notion of his), and his one wish was to see his only son married and settled before he departed this life. It was only fair that I should humor this fancy of one who had gratified every wish of mine since I was able to ask for anything, so I sat there musing and making up my mind that the time to sacrifice my freedom had come. Perhaps a year hence I would have to give up my evening smoke; certainly I would not be allowed to lounge about in a smoking jacket and slippers, and put my feet up on the fender. The thought gave a finer flavor to my cigar and a greater air of coziness to the room.

I had always intended to marry, but I thought of it only as a duty to be performed some time in the dim future, a long way off. However, the time had now come, so it was best to have it over quickly. I passed in review the women of my acquaintance, from blushing débutantes to those who had seen nearly as many seasons as myself, but my heart beat no faster as, one after another, I recalled their faces. The clock on the mantel struck nine, and with a sigh I took my feet off the fender, stretched myself, gave a last look at the roaring logs, and passed into my dressing-room. This will be a good opportunity, I thought, of singling out what sort of woman will be likely to make me most comfortable, and least likely to upset my bachelor habits. I gave a well-satisfied look at my face in the glass as I brushed my hair. Few women would say nay to such a reflection, joined to a solid bank account.

A débutante, or a woman of sense? There I wavered. Would it be best to take a girl whom I could form, or a woman of the world who would not expect too much? Such, for instance, as Mrs. A——, for whose ball I was dressing—a charming little widow of three-and-thirty or thereabouts. By the time I was dressed and ready to start it was after ten, and débutantes were in the ascendant. The first thing was to pick out the one I fancied, and then to pay her marked attention. I smiled, thinking how pleased the dear old man would be to know how soon all would be settled. Strains of a waltz greeted me as I reached my destination, and I hurried down-stairs from the dressing-room eager to begin a tour of inspection, to which my late resolve lent a novel zest. My hostess greeted me most cordially; it seemed to me that mine was a warmer welcome than that bestowed upon her guests in general. She was charming, and it would be a pleasure to see her sitting opposite at dinner, or entertaining one's friends. Yes, the widow was certainly a beautiful woman; perhaps a little too much of the world, worldly; but one cannot have everything.

I passed on, and dropped into a chair beside a bright, clever young girl; she looked pleased as I took the vacant seat and opened a lively conversation; but to-night I noticed more than ever a tendency to defer to me, as if one must not assert one's self too strongly in the face of age. It irritated me; surely I was not so old as all that! Presently a younger man came up and took a seat on the other side of her—a stupid young ass, I thought him—and it struck me that I would be doing her a kindness to remain and deliver her from boredom. It was very annoying that whenever she turned her head to speak to him, her voice dropped so that I could not hear what was being said. Soon I found myself left wholly to my own entertainment, so I took the hint and walked away; but not before I had heard the youth ask, in a stage-whisper, "Who is the old party?"

So it had come to that! I strolled into the conservatory to console myself with a cigarette after the chill that sentence gave me, and while wandering up and down there I heard the voice of an old college chum whom I had not seen for months. What he was saying I could not hear, and without stopping to think, I hastily sought the dim end of the conservatory, from which his voice came.

"Well, old man, I am glad to find you once more," I cried, pushing aside the branches of some plants which hid him from view.

Oh, my unlucky star! I had put my foot into it again. Instead of the warm reception I had counted upon, there came an awkward pause, in which it seemed to me that my friend was doing his best to get as far from a very pretty young lady as the small bench upon which they were seated would allow, while she diligently studied the painting on her fan.

I bolted. "*De trop, de trop,*" I said to myself. There seemed no place for me in this gay assemblage. I left the conservatory and made my way back to my hostess. There was old Jim Randolph, a widower and a man of fifty or more, talking to her as if his life depended upon it, and I flattered myself that here at least I would be welcome; but it gave me the uncomfortable feeling of having intruded when I heard him say in an undertone, as he rose, "May I come to-morrow and see you alone?"

Never had I found the widow so hard to talk to as now; she was preoccupied and absent.

"Old Jim Randolph wears pretty well," I said, after having started half a dozen general topics, only to have them dropped in a most summary manner.

"Almost as well as you do," she replied; and rising from her seat, she added, "Come, I will present you to his daughter; she has just returned from travelling abroad, and has been out very little, so you must try to be nice to her."

And before I had time to object, she had marched me off and presented me.

"An old friend of your father's, Alice," she added, after the formal introduction had been gone through.

Now that was really spiteful, and I was so occupied in trying to discover how I had deserved such treatment at her hands that I stood there like a dummy until I heard a voice saying,

"Were you really a friend of papa's at college?"

"No, my dear young lady, I was not," I answered, with much irritation. "Your father graduated years before I was old enough to enter a college; but it pleases our friend Mrs. A—— to make me out a regular old fossil to-night."

"But papa is not so very old," said my companion, in surprise. And now for the first time I noticed how very lovely she was, and wished myself in Guinea for having given such an answer. She would be sure to put me down as a crusty old bachelor after that, and it was all the widow's fault. I would get even with her for it.

Never before did I remember to have met so interesting a girl, and yet one who seemed so totally unconscious of her charms. I went to work in good earnest to try and obliterate the unpleasant impression my first speech must have made. Finding she bore me no ill-will for it, we were soon deeply engaged in comparing notes on our travels, and for the first time that evening I felt that I was appreciated.

All too soon it came to an end, for a miserable young whipper-snapper appeared, and bore her away for a waltz. She was too sensible a girl to care for such senseless amusement, I thought; but as I watched her gliding gracefully about with her partner, there was no mistaking her expression for anything but one of thorough enjoyment. Why had I never waltzed? Was it too late to begin now? But what was I coming to—I, John Graham, who had always railed at dancing in general as a pastime fit for idiots, to think of taking it up at this late day! and all because a pretty girl, whom I had known but half an hour, looked happy as she whirled away, and made me jealous of the young idiot who had carried her off. I must be drifting into my second childhood. Jealousy, too, was a new sensation; and it seemed so utterly nonsensical that *I* should be jealous that I laughed aloud, and started at the sound of my own voice.

I had started out that evening perfectly self-satisfied, and feeling that my presence was something most desirable; yet as I walked home two words kept ringing in my ears—*de trop, de trop.* For the first time I had felt out of place. When I reached my apartments I walked straight to the mirror. Aging? yes: there were lines in my face I had never seen before; and the longer I looked, the lower fell the mercury of my spirits. I dropped into my arm-chair in front of the dying embers. Long I sat there thinking. My cozy apartment struck me as cold and cheerless; it needed something—the woman's hand probably; and yet I had never missed it before. When at last I rose and went into my bedroom, it was as another man; my self-conceit was falling away, and I was learning to know John Graham as he really was, not the man my fancy had pictured to me for so many years. The fulfilment of my father's wish did not seem so easy; and instead of writing to him immediately, as I had intended, I put it off from day to day, not because I had given up the intention of gratifying him—far from it. Marriage never had seemed so desirable to me; but as the desirability advanced, my qualifications for it diminished in my own eyes.

"There is no fool like an old fool." How often I had quoted the old saying! but I had never thought of applying it to myself. It came home to me now, and rang in my ears as if I could never get rid of it. I suppose I was an old fool to all outward appearance, for I never had found Jim Randolph attractive before, yet now hardly a day passed but I managed in one way or another to meet him. In due course of time I was invited to the house; I called; I dined there; I dropped in of an evening, generally choosing those which Jim spent at the club or in visiting the widow, to whom he was now very devoted. Sometimes I saw Alice alone, but more frequently there were other visitors, and never could I flatter myself that she treated me more kindly than the others. She was cordial and pleasant to all. She often referred to our first meeting, and insisted upon regarding me as a friend of her father's. At least it was as such that she invariably introduced me to her friends; but once or twice I thought I detected a spice of mischief in her eyes on such occasions. One day I had dropped in early in the afternoon, and after a delightful chat with her, in which I felt that I had made greater progress than ever before, I asked her if she would go skating with me.

"Oh yes, with pleasure," she answered; then dropping her eyes demurely, she added: "I know papa will not object, though he rarely allows me to go out alone; but he said he always felt as if I were well chaperoned when you were with me, being such an old friend of his, you know."

The long lashes hid her eyes, but I felt that she was laughing at me as I replied,

"Oh, of course an old house-dog who has lost all his teeth is perfectly safe for the children to play with."

"Yes, exactly," was the reply. And this time she raised her laughing eyes to mine, and with an "*Au revoir*" and a low courtesy, she ran up-stairs, while I departed, in a most uncomfortable state of mind, to fetch my skates. A few minutes before, I would have been willing to stake my fortune that she cared a little for me, but her last speech undid it all.

In half an hour I was back again. Some one left the house as I ran up the steps, and as the door stood open, I walked in without ringing. My hand was on the portière of the drawing-room to push it aside, when I heard a voice within say: "I love you, Alice. Will you be my wife?"

My heart stood still, and turning from the door, I beat a hasty retreat to the reception-room.

I had recognized the voice as that of one of the young fellows who had been most devoted in his attentions to Alice. He was wealthy; indeed that hardly expressed it, for he was worth at least a million in his own right, with the prospect of inheriting several more from his father. Compared with that, my little fortune was a mere pittance. The front door shut, and I looked from the window to make sure that my ears had not deceived me. No: there he was, tall and handsome, just such a young fellow as any woman would be proud to call her husband. Then I turned to the mirror over the mantel. What chance would an old house-dog have when compared with such a splendid young mastiff? Of course she would accept him. According to my old theories none but a fool would refuse such an offer; but now it struck me as mercenary that a woman should stop to consider all the *pros* and *cons*, and give herself for a good settlement in life without consulting the dictates of her heart. But there again was a change in my ideas, for I had never before acknowledged that women had heart enough to become troublesome.

However, if we were to go skating, I must put on a brave face, and save my misery until afterward. When I entered the drawing-room I found Alice, wrapped in her furs, sitting in front of the fire, gazing at it intently. She looked up as I approached her, and there was a suspicious glisten about her eyes as she hastily drew her hand across them, saying:

"You startled me, Mr. Graham; I did not hear you come in."

"I have been here some time," I replied, "and have to beg pardon for unintentionally overhearing part of your conversation."

"Did you? Oh, I am sorry."

"Surely you need not grudge an old friend the knowledge of your happiness," I said, with some bitterness.

She looked astonished, but said nothing.

"May I congratulate you?" I asked.

"Not yet, please," was the answer. "But come, Mr. Graham, we must be off, or we will have no time for skating."

We started off, and every minute her spirits rose, while mine sank lower. It seemed hard-hearted to me that she should parade her happiness before my very eyes. Alice never noticed how forced my attempts at liveliness were, but laughed and talked as I had never heard her laugh and talk before. It was the last time that I should ever have her all to myself, and I never took my eyes off of her face, drinking in her beauty, her ever-changing expression, and her glorious eyes, now soft and sympathetic, yet in an instant brimming over with fun and laughter—often enough at my expense.

Jim Randolph was at home when we returned, and would take no refusal to his invitation to stop and dine with them. "For the last time," I said to myself, and staid. He had an engagement for the evening, and excused himself as soon as dinner was over, leaving us alone. We sat in front of the drawing-room fire after he had gone, and a long and awkward pause ensued.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Alice at last.

"You would not like them," was the surly reply.

"Perhaps not, but I have a fancy to hear them."

"They will only tire you."

"That is for me to decide," she answered; and rising from her low seat, she leaned against the mantel, with her face in the shadow, so that I could not see it distinctly, but her voice sounded strangely excited. "Please grant my request," she added.

"Very well," I said: "as you wish it, then, I was thinking of you. Alice, I have loved you since the first time I met you—loved you as I never thought I could love, and until my love for you has become so bound up in my life that now, when I must give you up, life seems but a blank to me. I know I was a fool to think of you. I am too old. What have I to offer you in comparison with the wealth, youth, and social standing that have been thrown at your feet to-day? Nothing but my love." A sound like a suppressed sob came from the fireplace. "You asked me, Alice, and I have told you. I think it would have been wiser not to have spoken, for what good can it do?"

"What good? Oh, John! Oh, you dear old goose! could not you see that I loved you all the time?"

"You loved me, Alice?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," she broke in; "and yet I treated you shamefully." She was kneeling beside me now, with her head buried on the arm of my chair. "Oh, John, I am so sorry! Can you forgive me? I began in fun at first, because it provoked me to hear you talk of women as if any of them could be bought by the highest bidder; and then I could not resist teasing you about being papa's friend; and when I found that—that I was caring more and more about you, I determined to try and make you change all those horrid theories of yours before I ever would let you know it. But I did not know you loved me so *very, very* much, John, and I did not want you to suffer really."

My senses seemed to have left me. I sat there dazed by the sudden happiness which filled my heart.

"And what I heard this afternoon?" I gasped.

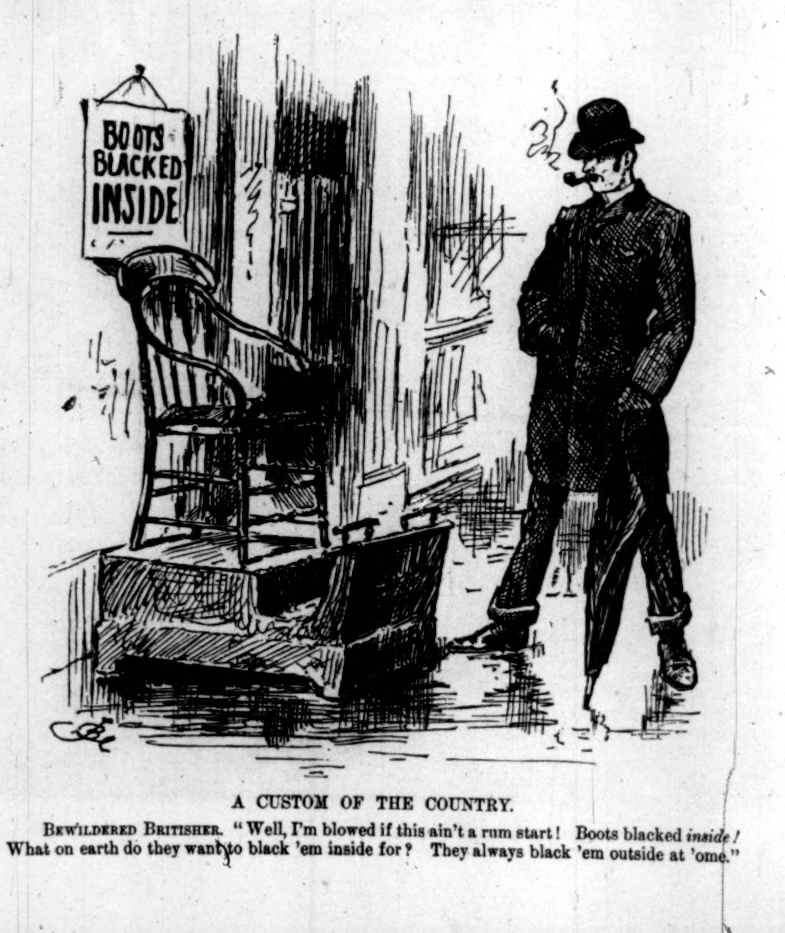
"You silly boy!" she cried, lifting her blushing face from the chair, "if you had only waited a minute longer you would never have doubted me for an instant. Now are you satisfied, dear?"

There were no more awkward pauses that evening. It was late when I rose to take my leave. Alice helped me on with my overcoat, and I caught her in my arms as she would have escaped with a hurried "good-night."

"Are you sure, my darling, that you do not regret taking pity on the old house-dog?" I asked, looking down at her.

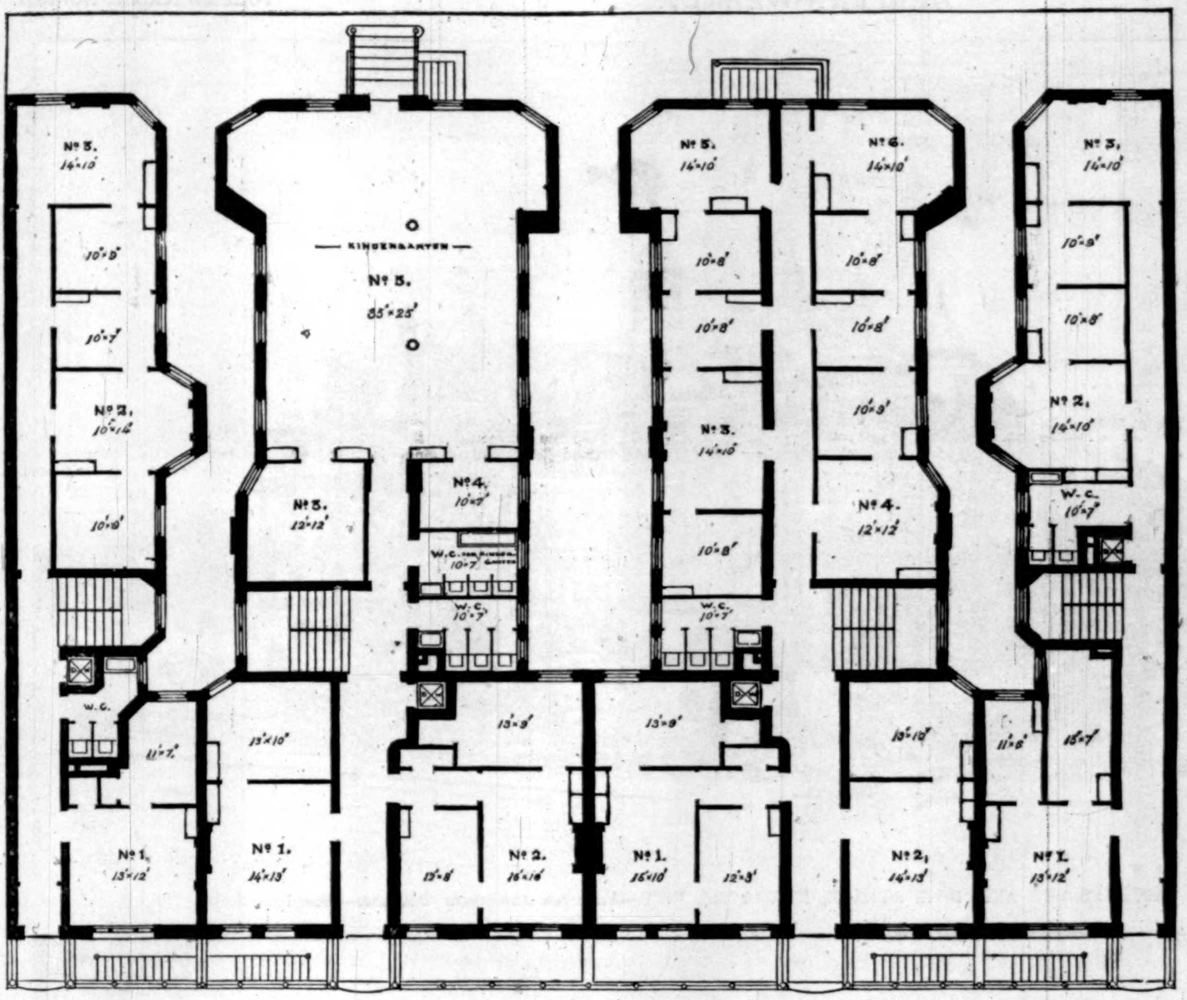
"Oh no," she answered, demurely; "not as long as he is an old friend of papa's." And with a mischievous glance she slipped from my arms, and ran laughing away.

P. Sainsbury.



A CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

Bewildered Britisher. "Well, I'm blowed if this ain't a rum start! Boots blacked *inside!* What on earth do they want to black 'em inside for? They always black 'em outside at 'ome."



THE PLAN OF THE MODEL TENEMENT-HOUSES.

MODEL TENEMENTS.

Some years ago, owing largely to the earnest appeal of a prominent lecturer in this city, a committee was appointed by the Legislature of this State to investigate the condition of tenement-houses and of the tenement population in this city. The testimony given before this committee, which is in every way trustworthy, was so full of saddening and distressing tales that some of our most public-spirited and philanthropic fellow-citizens enlisted themselves in the work of tenement-house reform. An organization was effected, known as the Tenement-house Building Company, with Mr. **Joseph W. Drexel** as presiding officer and Mr. **Oswald Ottendorfer** as vice-president. This Tenement-house Building Company, guided by such men of heart and head, appealed to the public for co-operation, and received a cordial response.

The Tenement-house Building Company determined to erect houses free of the prevailing evils of construction; responses to its appeals were quick and generous, the sum of $80,000 being quickly subscribed, and the contemplated work of the company soon became work begun. Purchase was made of eight city lots for the sum of $51,000, in that part of the city where the need is greatest, and where a large and decisive attempt to improve the dwellings of the poor has not yet been made. Five of these lots front on Cherry Street, near Montgomery Street, with dimensions of 116 feet 8 inches on Cherry Street by 98 feet 7 inches in depth, being numbers 338, 340, 342, and 344, and three on Monroe Street, which connect with and adjoin the five lots on Cherry Street. The advantage of such relative position of the building lots is at once obvious. In the selection of architects the choice fell upon Messrs. W. **Schickel** & Co., of this city. The construction of four houses—that is, two single and two double houses, really six houses—in accordance with the architects' plan, copies of which appear on page 32, was at once begun, and these houses are now ready for occupancy. The height of these buildings is six stories and cellar; the height of each floor is about 9 feet in the clear; the single houses have a frontage of 19 feet 3 inches each, the double houses 38 feet 8 inches; the buildings all have a depth of 85 feet. The many sanitary evils referred to in the prospectus of the Tenement-house Building Company have been entirely overcome in its houses. There is proper ventilation, and surely no lack of sunlight, for every room has a window opening on either the street, court, or rear lots, which connects it with light and air. The plan of construction, which has been faithfully adhered to, shows how complete was the success attained in this direction. There are no "dark or narrow stairways," a window giving light to them in time of day and sufficient gas jets at night; the halls extend from the front of the buildings to the rear, and at each end of the halls is a window which provides them with light. Any one who has walked up and down tenement-house stairways and through tenement-house halls will fully appreciate the advantage of such construction. Neither are there in these houses "broken pumps in back yards," "foul water-closets," nor "reeking sinks"; there is a steam-pump in the cellar adjoining the steam-boiler to supply water to the upper apartments of the houses; there is running water in many of the apartments; a tank is surely to be found on every floor, and on every floor are sufficient water-closets.

And even more than was promised has been done by the active and earnest gentlemen connected with the Tenement-house Building Company. The dimensions of the rooms in these tenement-houses vary between 10 by 8 feet, the smallest size, to 16 by 10 feet, the largest size; but with the rooms of the smallest dimensions there is always a larger room, and no suite is without a room with dimensions not less than 12 by 12 feet or 10 by 14 feet. Our standards are relative rather than absolute, and so judged the apartments in these tenement-houses will be found very commodious. To further avoid the evil effects of overcrowding, a laundry-room has been provided for the tenants of this company in the lower part of the house, so that the wash-tub and wash-board, with their inevitable accompaniments, and a polluted atmosphere, need not dispute title to any part of the home. In the same part of the house, adjoining the laundry-room, are bath-tubs, which are not provided in ordinary tenements in this city; in fact the complete absence of accommodations for bathing in lower New York has already attracted much attention. And whoever of our readers lived *through* the "dirty boy" experience can readily feel in sympathy with the mammas and papas to whom the fixed bath-tub is an unknown luxury (though those happening to be *in* the "dirty boy" experience and living in brown-stone fronts may envy the happy lot of the down-town boy). These are some of the architectural advantages of these houses, but the efforts of the organizers of this society were not confined to them. In one of the middle houses there is set aside a large room (the dimensions of which are 35 by 25 feet), called the kindergarten-room. It is intended to surround the children of the tenants in their infancy with the elevating and refining influences of the kindergarten; and whoever understands its salutary influences will hail with delight and with words of encouragement this kindergarten, truly an oasis in the desert of lower New York. Neither was the Tenement-house Building Company forgetful of the worldly welfare of the tenants. The rent rates were fixed not with the avaricious spirit of the usurious landlord, but were dictated by the enlightened and humane motive which prompted these gentlemen to provide in their by-laws that "in no case shall the dividends exceed four per cent. per annum on the par value of the stock." The apartments rent in prices varying from $6 to $15 per month.

It may be of interest to make a passing reference to a provision of a co-operative character in the by-laws of the Tenement-house Building Company, which provides that all the net earnings of the corporation beyond the amount which may be necessary to pay declared dividends (but dividends may not exceed four per cent. per annum) shall be used as a reserve fund to be apportioned among all persons who shall have been tenants in proportion to the rent that they have paid, and that such interest in the reserve fund credited to the tenants shall be available only to be applied as rent for such tenants and their families at such times as they may request and the board of trustees approve; but the board of trustees are required by the by-laws to approve such application in all cases where the tenant by reason of illness, age, lack of employment, or other good cause shall be unable to provide for the support of himself and family. These houses were formally opened on the 1st of December, and there are now *eleven* tenants. It is the wish of the Tenement-house Building Company that the public visit these houses, especially after a tour through other houses in the same part of the city; its officers feel confident that after such visit it need make no further appeal to them for assistance; though they beg to add that they are not at present passing round the hat for alms, but desire merely the encouragement which public support always begets.

LAKE SHORE IMPROVEMENT AT CHICAGO.

That part of Chicago lying north of the river and along the lake shore is a notably attractive one; but, with the exception of Lincoln Park, rescued largely from an old cemetery years ago, little was done until a recent date to beautify it through artificial means. The southern limits of this shore section, at least from North Avenue, where the park begins, to Oak Street, just north of the water-works (the high-pressure tower of which may be seen in the illustration), had been in a measure reclaimed from the natural sand beach, and a driveway constructed, which became a continuation of the park lake-side drive. The erosions of the shore, however, caused by the heavy winter and spring storms, caused its almost entire abandonment as a pleasure resort.

The lake shore is unprotected by headlands for many miles south and north of Chicago, and every gale drives the breakers high up the shore, and creates havoc wherever artificial breakwaters have not been built. For miles along the coast here, wherever man has laid out pleasure-grounds or erected buildings close to the water, succeeding storms of spring and fall have eaten away the unstable foundations of his edifices, or gnawed with insatiable greed into the very heart of his beautiful drives, while the grinding of ice masses in winter has added to the general destruction. It was at first believed that brushwood laid on the sandy shore and anchored with heavy rocks would break the waves and protect the road-bed, but it was soon found necessary to drive piles along the entire front. Two rows of heavy timbers were sunk, held together by strong iron bars, and filled in with large stones. This means of defence against nature's warfare proved successful for a time, but finally the breakers mastered the situation, and the damage continued, making the cost of maintaining this driveway very great, as repairs were constantly needed.

When the section of the north side lake front referred to—from Oak Street to North Avenue—came into more prominent notice a few years ago through the building along that region, within a block or two of the lake, of some of the costliest residences in the city, the Chicago people recognized the fact that something must be done, not alone to protect the shore and its drive there, but to beautify it as well. Accordingly, after the consideration of many suggestions, it was decided to build a stone sea-wall (if a lake-wall may be so called), and the work was begun in the summer of 1886. The old roadway had a total width of 200 feet, of which 100 feet were devoted to vehicles. When it is stated that this driveway has an uninterrupted sweep along the water's edge, from Oak Street to Diversey Avenue (the northern limit of Lincoln Park), a distance of nearly three miles, its beauty and importance can be readily understood.

The piling, which was driven some fifteen years ago along here, consists of two rows of piles, six feet apart, the outer row set close together. These piles were cut off two feet below the water-level, and floored with two-inch oak. The stones were placed on this flooring, the joints tightly cemented, each stone being 8 feet thick at base, 10 feet high, and 4 feet long. On the lake side the wall has a slight slope under water. In 1886 about 600 feet of this wall was constructed, at a cost of $35 a foot, which was paid for by taxes out of the general park fund. During the summer of 1877 it was determined to use smaller stones, and to not place them in position until next May or June, the idea being to allow them to thoroughly season before setting. These stones are not as thick as those used in 1886, and the cost of each is lessened. There are now 350 of these copings ready for placing on the piling, and, as the artist shows, they are being thoroughly cured by exposure to the elements on the shore where they are to be used. It is estimated that the cost, in position, of these stones will not exceed $20 a foot, and this work will be paid for out of the proceeds of bond sales. This wall begins at Bellevue Place, which is next Oak Street, and may be continued to North Avenue, where Lincoln Park begins, a distance of 3000 feet. Between these points, one block from the lake, within the past five years, have been erected some of the costliest residences in Chicago. No change in the driveway is contemplated by the construction of this sea-wall. It will present, however, a magnificent esplanade for driving or walking, and will become one of the most attractive spots in the city.

Were it possible for Chicago to remove that annoying and rapacious railroad system which has laid such a heavy hand on the lake front of the South Division, and build there, as is now being done on this North Division, a sea-wall, the Lake Front Park would indeed be an ornament and a popular resort for the people of that progressive city.

ANOTHER GENEROUS GIFT.

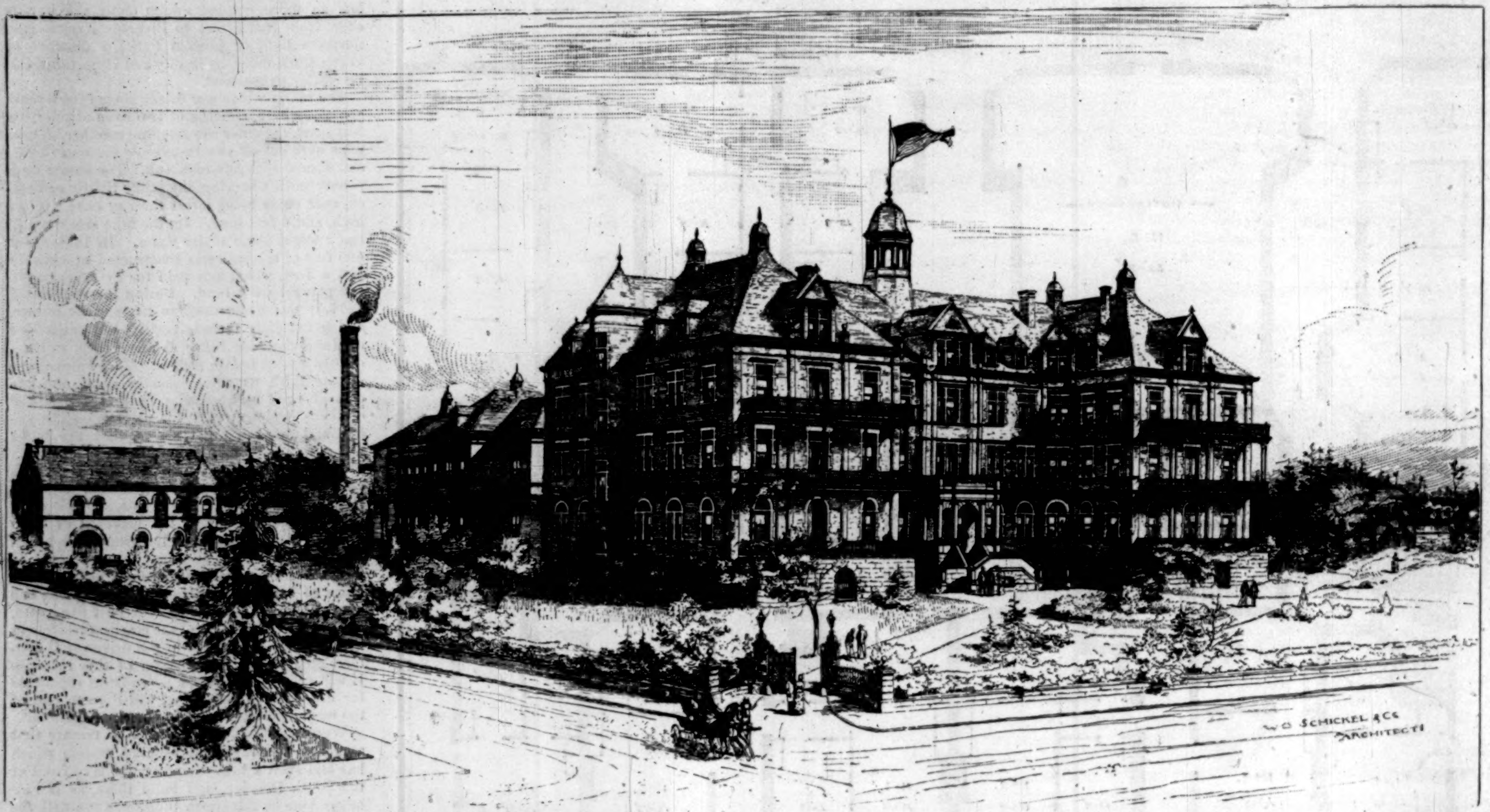
The public gifts of Mr. and Mrs. **Oswald Ottendorfer**, and of their daughter, Mrs. **Woerishoffer**, have been unostentatiously bestowed, but many of them are too valuable not to be well known. One of Mrs. **Ottendorfer**'s benefactions was the Isabella Heimath, a home for aged German men and women, established in Astoria fifteen years ago as a memorial to the daughter of that name, which, in addition to the building and grounds, she endowed by a gift of $100,000. Another gift of Mrs. **Ottendorfer**'s was a wing of the German Hospital in this city, which she caused to be built at a cost of $80,000. Among the public gifts of Mr. **Ottendorfer** are the library and dispensary in Second Avenue, which cost at least $100,000, and a home for aged men and women and orphans, established by Mr. **Ottendorfer** in his native town of Zwittau, in Austria, and upon which about a quarter of a million was expended.

The latest of the gifts of Mr. **Ottendorfer**, who is now and has for some months been absent in Europe, consists of new and much enlarged quarters for the Isabella Home. The new Home will be at Fort George, on Tenth Avenue, just north of One-hundred-and-ninetieth Street. In connection with the Home proper there will be hospitals for patients temporarily ailing and for incurables, and the general scope of the charity will be much extended. The cost of the land ($60,000 or $70,000) and of the buildings ($250,000) is entirely defrayed by Mr. **Ottendorfer**. In the past year a great deal of work has been done in the removal of earth and rock, and in the grading of the grounds. The buildings will be from the plans of Messrs. **William Schickel** & Co. The basement walls of the Home have already risen to a height of ten feet above the ground, and it is possible that the whole work will be completed by the end of the present year.

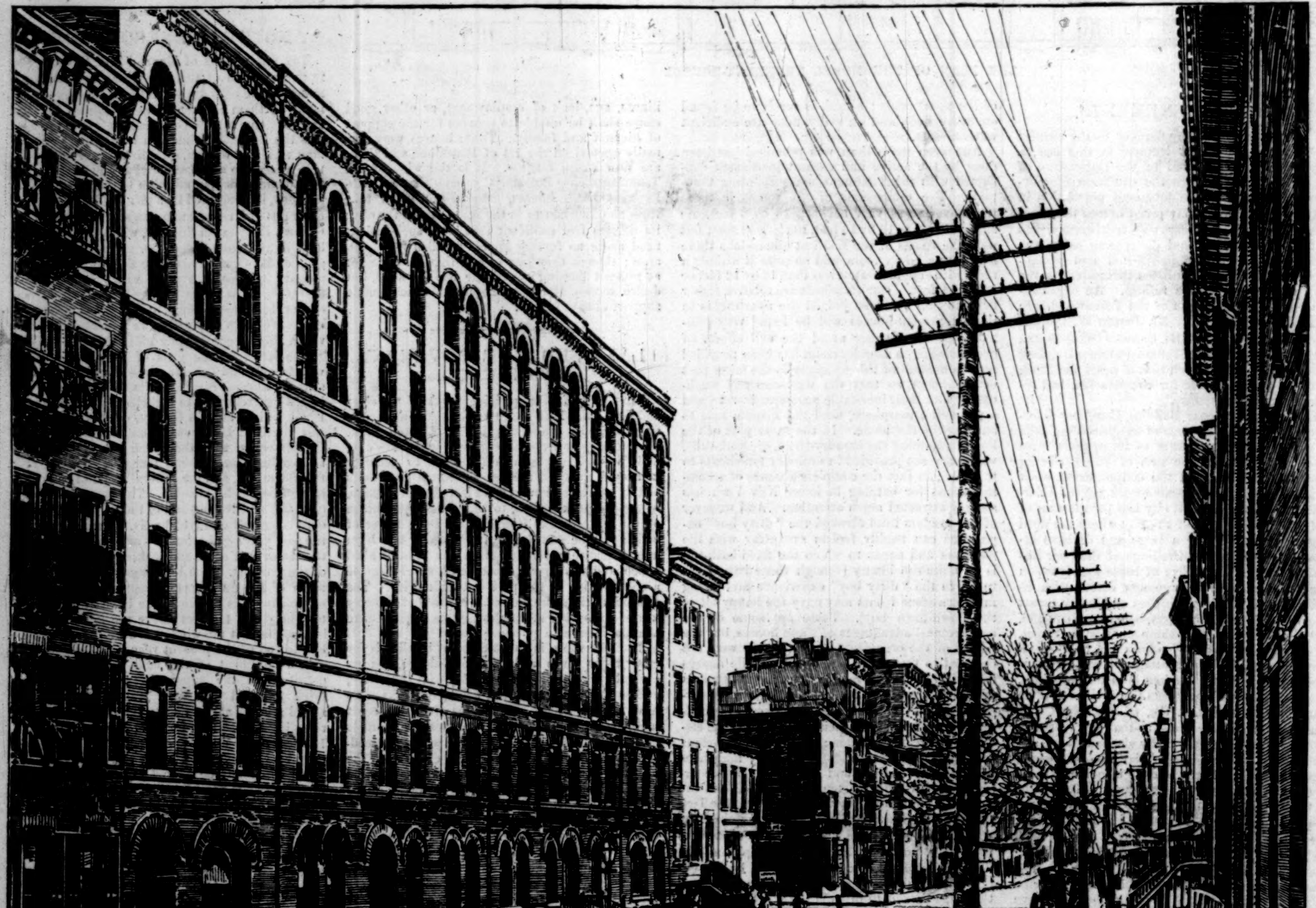
The basement of the main building will be granite, and the superstructure cream-colored brick trimmed with light freestone, which will afford a grateful contrast to the green of the surrounding trees. The building has a frontage of 158 feet and a depth of 78 feet. The centre will contain the offices, parlors, and dining-rooms. The women will be lodged in the southern and the men in the northern wing. In the basement will be the kitchen and laundry. Rooms for about eighty inmates will be arranged in groups in the second and third stories. Each group will contain a cozy sitting-room, and be supplied with a piazza, the idea being to avoid the characteristics of a general asylum, and to afford reasonable seclusion. Midway of the third floor will be rooms for twelve private inmates. The ample upper story will accommodate the employés.

There will be two hospital pavilions, each 104 by 40 feet. The basements of these will be entirely devoted to the apparatus for heating and ventilating, and each pavilion will contain on the upper floors rooms for twenty-six beds. There will thus be accommodation for fifty-two hospital patients, and the entire Home will shelter 144 persons.

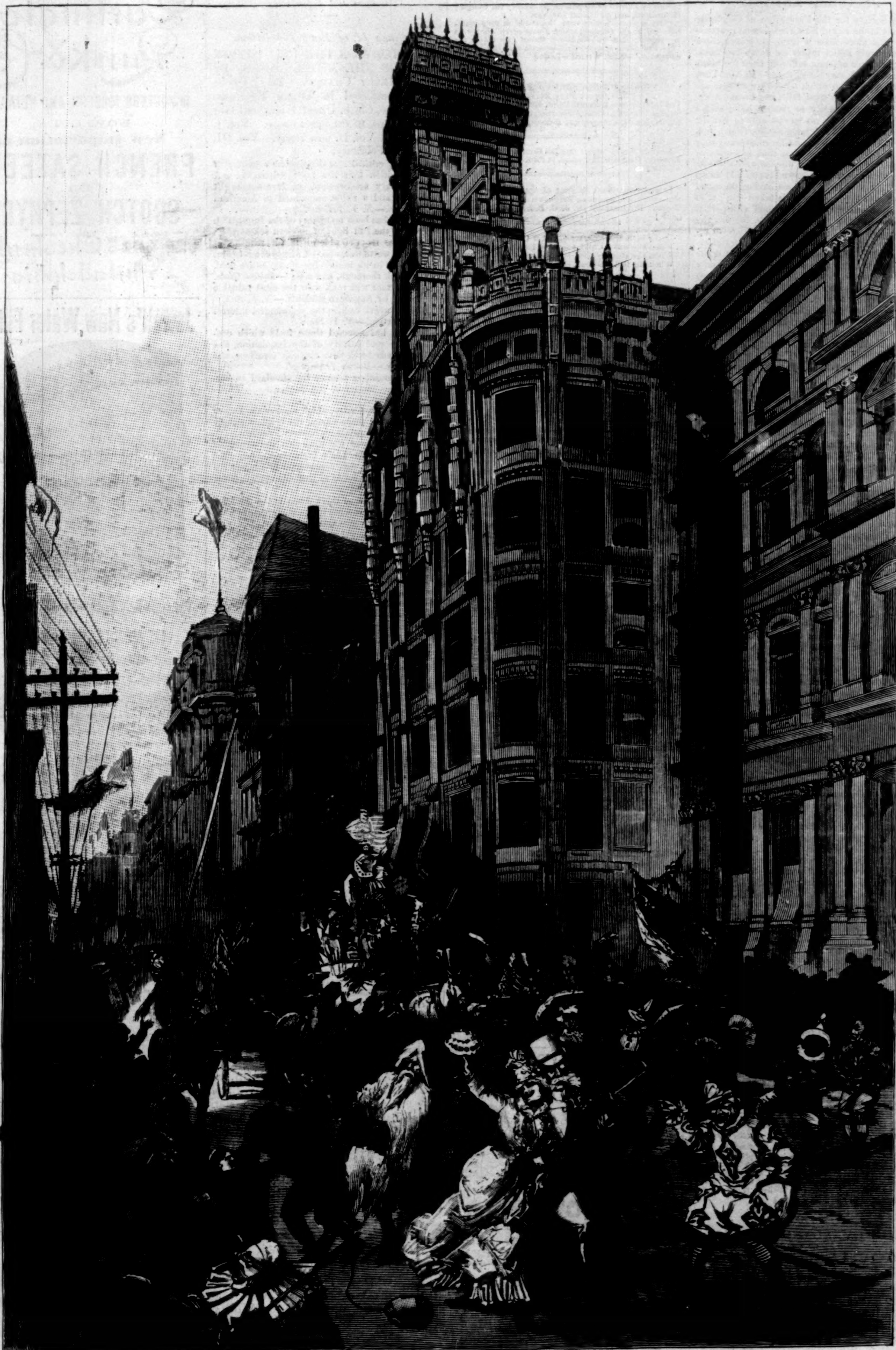
The buildings will be constructed in the most substantial manner, and especial care will be given to the interior arrangements, with a view to securing the best results in the regard of comfort and health. The subject of heating and ventilation has been especially studied. The steam for heating will be generated in a boiler-house, which, with stables, sheds, etc., will form a separate building in the rear of the hospitals, and an abundance of fresh air will always be provided to keep the heat company.


W. G. SCHICKEL & CO
ARCHITECTS

THE ISABELLA HOME, 190TH STREET AND 10TH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.—FROM THE ARCHITECTS' DRAWING.—[SEE PAGE 31.]



MODEL TENEMENT-HOUSES IN CHERRY STREET, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 31.]



THE NEW-YEAR'S MUMMERS ON CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 27.]

THE AMBULANCE FOR DISABLED ANIMALS.

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the city of New York has its practical side. Not alone does it bring to justice those who wantonly inflict injury on dumb creatures, but it cares for animals suffering from the many accidents which may befall them. In New York city the mishaps to which horses are subject are frequent. A horse slips, falls, and breaks a leg. It becomes a necessity to remove him; and a crippled horse is by no means easy to handle. Horses overworked in summer suffer from a malady which very much resembles sunstroke; they fall, and may remain for some time in a state of syncope. A very peculiar disease which affects horses seems to become more frequent in damp and muggy weather. A horse having remained in his stable for a day or so is taken out, put to work, when suddenly he is attacked with partial paralysis. In the graver accidents, such as the breaking of a leg, little can be done save to remove the horse as gently as possible, and afterward to despatch him. But many cases occur when the troubles horses suffer from are only temporary, and if they can be attended to at once their lives can be saved, and so a heavy loss is not entailed on their owners. To meet the exigencies of its city service that excellent Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, having at its head HENRY BERGH, has in constant use two ambulances. It is rare that one ambulance is not at work. As fast as one is off duty another takes its place, and it frequently happens that both are employed.

These ambulances are strong and heavy, but so devised as to give the animals they carry no unnecessary jolting. In a very ingenious manner, by means of a winch like that used to move safes into their vans, an animal can be drawn on a sliding platform into the ambulance. It sometimes happens that in that abominable condition of excavation found in the streets of New York horses fall into those pits, which are apparently set as traps for them. To get over this difficulty the society uses a small derrick, and in this way animals are raised out of excavations. No small amount of ingenuity has to be exercised by those having the ambulances in charge in carrying disabled animals to the stables of owners. Many truckmen in New York keep their animals in cellars, or where the approaches to the stable lead through tortuous alleys, high enough for a horse to walk through, but not wide enough when the animal has to be carried. Without such mechanical devices as are found in these ambulances this humane work would be impossible. During the few years of existence of this ambulance system the society has moved from the streets of New York fully 4500 animals, and has humanely destroyed 2300 horses disabled past recovery. Not only are horses moved, but steers, calves, and sheep, all of which are subjected to accident in New York. Occasionally these ambulances have carried rather uncommon animals through the city. An elephant arrives from beyond the seas. The animal has become crippled and footsore by long confinement on shipboard, and it would be cruel to have the huge creature walk on the hard stone streets. The ambulance is at the service of the elephant, and at his ease he is carried to his place of destination.

A street block such as Mr. BODFISH has drawn is not an uncommon sight in New York. A horse has fallen in a crowded street. On examination it has been found by the officers of the society that the animal's injury is grave. He cannot move himself. He must be carried. At once the ambulance is sent forth, and the dexterous officials, with a minimum of suffering to the horse, quickly place him in the ambulance. The accident has happened just where there is a line of city railroad. A crowd blocks the street. Once it might have been an impatient crowd, but to-day it is far from that. It is a sympathetic assemblage, for it has been taught by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to know what is true humanity.

PEACE ON EARTH

AWAITS that countless army of martyrs, whose ranks are constantly recruited from the victims of nervousness and nervous diseases. The price of the boon is a systematic course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest and most genial of tonic nervines, pursued with reasonable persistence. Easier, pleasanter, and safer this than to swash the victualling department with pseudo-tonics, alcoholic or the reverse, beef extracts, nerve foods, narcotics, sedatives, and poisons in disguise. "Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," is the providential recuperant of weak nerves, and this glorious franchise being usually the consequences of sound digestion and increased vigor, the great stomachic which insures both is productive also of repose at the required time. Not unrefreshed awakens the individual who uses it, but vigorous, clear-headed, and tranquil. Use the Bitters also in fever and ague, rheumatism, kidney troubles, constipation, and biliousness.—[*Adv.*]

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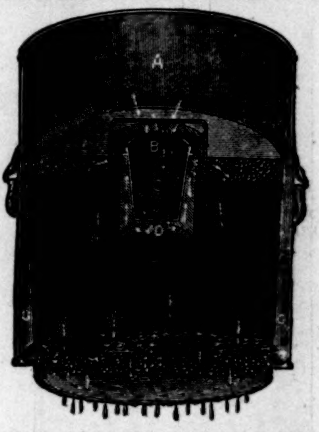

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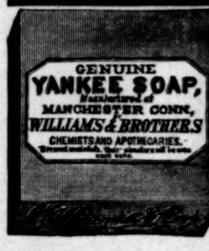

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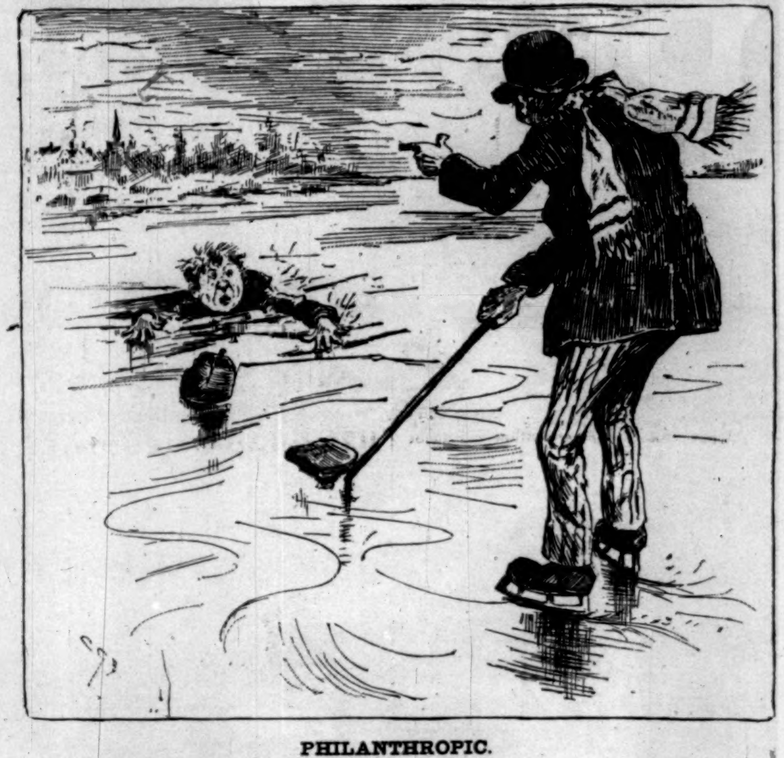

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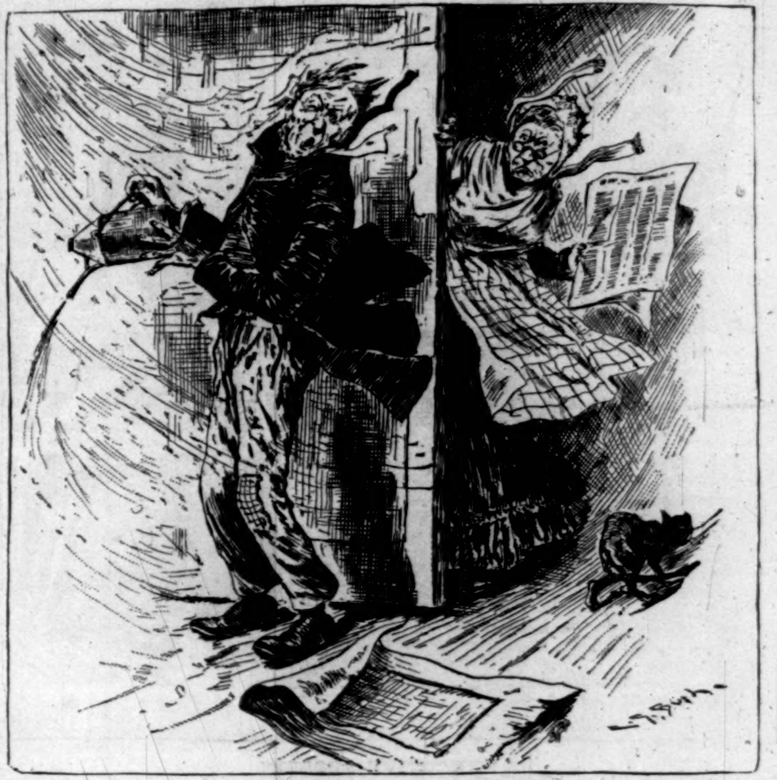

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